

# The Freeman

VOL. VI. No. 136.

NEW YORK, 18 OCTOBER, 1922

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## CURRENT COMMENT.

MEN and brethren, rejoice with us as we go to press in uncommonly high good humour. We do not know when we have been so tickled as by the new ruling on maritime prohibition-enforcement. Mr. Lasker is formally out of the bootlegging business, American ships are dry, and best of all—oh glorious!—foreign ships can not carry any hooch within the three-mile limit, whether in cargo or in stock or in sealed bars or any way at all. This is ripping. We congratulate the Canadian shipping-interests, always good friends of ours, on the volume of passenger-business that they will do henceforth, and we are hoping hard to live until the next tourist-season opens, so that we can compare the clearances of passenger-vessels from New York and Seattle with those from Montreal and Vancouver, and count up the crack steamers that are diverted to the Canadian routes. Last week was a great week for the moral element in our civilization, a great week for the port of Montreal and a great week for us. We have half a notion to ask our readers' indulgence to suspend our paper over one issue while we visit the Canadian metropolis and suggest to Sir Thomas Shaughnessy that, under the circumstances, he ought to set 'em up.

If this ruling is *bona fide*, then we have got prohibition down to a bed-rock basis. Perhaps, however, it is not *bona fide*, but only a "good enough Morgan" until after the autumn elections. Mr. Harding's party needs the dry vote in Ohio, needs it badly; and it also needs the dry vote in Congress on behalf of the infamous ship-subsidy bill. The foreign shipping-interests can go into court over this ruling, and the Supreme Court can shilly-shally over a decision until long enough after the elections and long enough after the ship-subsidy bill has gone into law. Our notion is that the ruling is merely this sort of political gesture, and that it was made with the understanding that the foreign shipowners would take this course. Probably that is the way things will go; and we would give all our old boots and shoes if the foreign shipowners would keep out of court, and show fight by diverting their routes. Why not, especially since under the new tariff they will not be carrying cargo enough to pay for their fuel?

We say, and are prepared to maintain against all argument or cavil, that woman is the superior sex, and that in doing things the right way, the everlastingly fit and appropriate way, she can take the shine out of man every time, and leave him looking like Confederate money.

Think, for instance, how long man has been in politics, how long he has been sending his own sex to Congress, how long he has been skirmishing for just the right kind of "senatorial timber." Now comes the very first woman senator, and she is a paragon. She has, apparently, all the essential qualifications, and has them in that degree of pre-eminence which makes her the ideal and pattern of senatorship for which the blundering male has been looking ever since the august Upper House was established. Thus handily does the superior sex win out in her very first dig for the senatorial woodchuck. The lady in question is the junior senator from Georgia, Mrs. W. H. Felton, appointed to succeed the lamented Tom Watson, and her qualities are set forth in a news-dispatch of 6 October from Cartersville, Georgia, in the *New York Globe*.

To begin with, she is eighty-seven years old. Second, it appears that old age has so freshened and vivified her faculties that "she is still optimistic over the outlook for governmental control in America," quite as a senator should be. Her faith is such that she "believes that we already have good laws and good lawmakers"; and this should abundantly sustain her in the primary senatorial duty of keeping up the barrier against irrational and mischievous discontent. She holds that "the legislation the United States needs most to-day is that gained at the knees of the mothers of America—laws that are greater laws." This phraseology is reminiscent of President Harding, and it rather oversizes our hand—let's have four cards. She is "not exciting herself over such questions as the tariff, the bonus, and the fast-disappearing flapper type of girl," so she may presumably be depended upon to vote right. "Her political creed," says the dispatch, "is stated in these words: 'If only I can aid in making men and women live cleaner, sweeter and more wholesome lives, I shall be well satisfied.'" Georgia has furnished us, at last, the real thing in senators. Georgia henceforth will be the Mother of Senators as Virginia, sah, is the Mother of Presidents. There is no manner of doubt about it.

SPEAKING of senators, this paper observes with surprise and regret that Mr. Caraway behaves less and less like the ideal senator as his term of service lengthens. He came back from Europe the other day and gave out an interview in which he royally blistered the politicians of Europe. He spoke with so much sense and savvy that one would not take him for a senator, if he had not wound up with the conclusion that this country ought to join the League of Nations. That brilliant peroration puts him straightway into company with the editors of the *New York World and Globe*, who see in the League of Nations a cure for all ills, such, probably, as their grandmothers saw in pennyroyal. The League of Nations is a mere holding-company, owned and operated by precisely the same crew of horse-thieves and thugs that Mr. Caraway so ably helps to discredit. Why, therefore, should the United States go in with them? If they are as bad as Mr. Caraway says they are—and we think even worse of them than he does—what good would it do? We have raised this question several times, but never got an answer to it, for some reason or other. Has Mr. Caraway been nibbling at the loco-weed or moron-fodder so plentifully distributed by Messrs. Root and Hughes, about our "moral influence" in Europe?

THE convention of the American Bankers Association was more businesslike and less inclined to rhetorical buncombe



than is usual in gatherings of that character. Apparently the bankers understand, if our national legislators do not, that the ten billion dollars lavished by Mr. Wilson upon the European militarists is virtually a total loss. Our debtors for the most part considered the sum a gratuity, and in any event few of them could pay if they would. They can not pay in gold, and if they attempted to pay in goods a considerable proportion of our workingmen would have to emigrate to keep from starving. It is pleasant to note that the bankers have reached a stage of economic enlightenment where they are able to face reality in this matter, and insist that it be settled without undue delay on a common-sense basis. Salutory also was the recommendation that President Harding scale down the tariff-wall in the interest of our foreign trade. Yet we wish that the bankers had made their appeal for debt-readjustment on a factual rather than a speciously sentimental basis. Surely when Mr. Thomas Lamont urged that we forgive the French Government its debt because France was fighting our battle for us up to the time we entered the war, he must have been aware that he was talking sheer poppycock. France was no more fighting our battle than we were fighting Mexico's battle in the Spanish war. The bankers would make far better propaganda for their excellent position on these debts, if they frankly admitted that the taxpayers had been inveigled into worthless investments in a game of imperialist flim-flam and the only sensible thing to do was to charge the loss up to experience.

EDITOR FRANK A. MUNSEY let loose a deal of sound sense in the course of his address before the American Bankers Association. Brother Munsey pointed out that since it had come about that the two old parties no longer represented any difference upon principles or, indeed, any principles for that matter, it was high time for a complete revaluation of political party-values in the United States. He is all for the formation of a conservative party and a radical party, which would represent a real division of popular sentiment and interest. It is to be hoped that the bankers will take the hint and set about the establishment of a conservative party at the earliest possible moment. It would be refreshing to have a little reality injected into our political life. The incompetents and wasters who under the present regime of the Republican Tweedledum and the Democratic Tweedledee are permitted to muddle our political affairs and squander four billion dollars of our money each year, represent neither the dupes who throng to vote for them nor the intriguing special interests that strive to control their selection. Their public professions are meaningless, their actions are dictated solely by the lust for political power and place. This intolerable condition will continue until public indignation forces a political cleavage that has some real significance in our national life.

IN Mr. Munsey's observations on the labour-situation he was less happy, possibly because his view was less detached. Mr. Munsey's idea of a successful country seems to be one in which wages will constantly seek a lower level, while, by implication, dividends will constantly go up; a country in which there is a sufficient labour-surplus to furnish an adequate supply of strike breakers in any emergency. There is, however, a limit to such possibilities, save under a rigid caste-system which probably would not appeal to Mr. Munsey and would scarcely receive the endorsement even of his conservative fellow-citizens. As a large-scale employer Mr. Munsey has not the reputation of being ungenerous. An indefatigable worker himself, he may have become not unnaturally prejudiced by many petty labour-union restrictions which often seem designed merely to limit service and production. Thus Mr. Munsey expresses a somewhat intemperate indignation over the phenomena of common carpenters earning as much as fifteen dollars a day at their work. In our opinion, his indignation could be more profitably employed against a system of land-monopoly which enables favoured persons to pile up big fortunes at the expense of the public, for doing no work whatsoever.

AFTER a long and arduous period of service in Washington, Senator Borah took the time to stop off at Chicago on his homeward journey and to spend a few days there in the interests of general political enlightenment. We trust the sentimentalists and Anglomaniacs, clerical and otherwise, who have been gawdsaking the Administration to plunge us into a new war for "the defence of Christianity" in the Near East will ponder carefully Senator Borah's terse remarks before the Chicago Press Club on the orgy of murder and theft indulged in by the so-called Christian Governments since the war. It might well give them pause. The Senator's speech in the Auditorium on behalf of our political prisoners was equally seasonable. The Chicagoans were favoured by the novel sight of a political leader who still takes the Constitution seriously in spite of the fact that of late years that venerable document has been conveniently evaded by Congress, flouted by the administrative branch of the Government, and, notably in the case of the prisoners in the cause of free speech, ignored by the higher courts. Senator Borah characterized the suspension, in time of war, of the Constitutional guarantees of individual freedom, as "vicious and treasonable." Their continued suspension, in the incarceration of political prisoners long after the emergency has passed, demonstrates the extent to which lawlessness has been adopted as the main principle of government in America.

OUR old friend M. Boris Bakhmetiev has again slipped inconspicuously into our hospitable midst. The distinguished former ambassador without portfolio vanished from mortal eye before his vessel was warped into her pier, and the waiting process-servers who were eager to hale him into court on various and sundry matters of finance hunted for him in vain. It is to be hoped that the subpoena-carriers of Senator Borah's committee will have better luck in locating this elusive foreigner, and that M. Bakhmetiev, now that he is no longer under the special protection of our State Department, may be induced by the committee to allay the not inconsiderable public curiosity concerning his exact disposition of the \$178 million which American taxpayers involuntarily contributed to his upkeep. To reporters who met him down the bay M. Bakhmetiev declared that he planned to engage in literary pursuits here. Americans will be moved to hope that our political executives will no longer underwrite his signature. As for the *Freeman*, it will be glad to consider any articles M. Bakhmetiev chooses to submit on real-estate problems in New York, upon which he is said to be something of an expert.

"It is no wonder," says Senator Borah, "that distrust of Governments has become almost universal with the masses." The Senator is impressed with the fact that none of the treaties framed by the arms-conference at Washington has yet been ratified by all the parties concerned. The implication seems to be that the politicians would have proved themselves deserving of a certain measure of confidence, if they had seen to it that the treaties were signed, sealed and delivered in with the least possible delay. With this notion we are in hearty discord. We do not believe that the treaties are of any use, signed or unsigned; we do not believe that they strike anywhere near the roots of war, or were ever intended to do so; and accordingly our own distrust of Governments would not be turned to confidence, if all the treaties were signed and all the obsolete battleships named in the premises destroyed, before Chantecler crows again.

IN his recent letter to the London *Times*, which obviously served the purpose of an informal message from the British Government to the French Government, Mr. Bonar Law was at pains to make it clear that in keeping their grip on Constantinople and the Dardanelles his associates in the Government were acting solely with the purpose of saving civilization. This has an ominously reminiscent sound. In view of the present condition of Europe it must be plain even to an unusually obtuse mole that civilization has had all the saving from politicians of



the type of Mr. Bonar Law's associates and their allies that it can stand without complete collapse. In effect Mr. Bonar Law served to the French Government a warning of the possible breaking-up of the Entente, and if this could be effected peaceably we have a suspicion that it might be the most salutary event in some years. It immediately recalls to one's mind the ancient proverb concerning the advantages gained by honest men when gentry of a certain character fall out.

THERE is as much morality involved in this struggle between British and French politicians over the side door to the Mediterranean as could be detected in a bar-room fight between two pickpockets. M. Poincaré means mischief. Through a series of fortunate breaks in the game he has managed to appropriate the traditional British technique of having some one else do the fighting for him, and he is making the most of his advantage. A singular turn of luck has yanked him out of a deep political hole and plumped Mr. Lloyd George into another one, and he is indulging his sentiments somewhat as his British ally and associate was doing a few months back, only in a franker and more robust fashion. He is enjoying his immediate personal *revanche*, and his vision embraces a revived Turkey restored to French influence, its Asiatic lands flowing with oil rather than milk and honey. It is likely that to avail himself of this chance opportunity to clear the British out of the Straits he will, diplomatically speaking, go far—possibly too far. Mr. Bonar Law's tense morality will doubtless tickle his humour. More to the point, he is well aware, is Mr. H. N. Brailsford's careful characterization in the London *Herald*, of the British Government's Near East adventure as "the most wanton, the most provocative bid for military domination which British Imperialism has ever made."

WHEN one hears that the wild critters of the forest have been consorting together in friendliness, one may infer that the millennium is coming; or else one may suspect that there is the scent of a common danger in the air. Likewise one may exercise a certain amount of latitude in interpreting the news that representatives of several of the great international petroleum-corporations have been hob-nobbing recently in Paris. The rivalry of the Standard Oil Company and the Royal Dutch-Shell combination has hitherto been looked upon as a source of friction, and a likely cause of serious trouble between the American Government and the British Government. Some people will find it a hopeful sign that plenipotentiaries of the Standard, the Dutch-Shell, and certain smaller concerns have "met at the conference-table"; but others will make a good deal of the fact that the conferees concerned themselves primarily, if not wholly, with the Russian field.

In the dispatch which deals with the powwow, there is nothing to indicate that the concessioners will not continue, with the support of their Governments, to compete whole-heartedly for the swag, in every region where the system of monopoly remains intact. It is agreed, however, that in Russia "no concession for oil-properties belonging to other owners shall be applied for or accepted"; and it is further understood that "Government oil-lands shall not be applied for in a piecemeal manner but exploited on a prearranged plan." Did our readers ever before hear of such delicacy—as for instance, when the Americans were trying to carry off the British concessions in Persia and Mesopotamia? But as the Good Book says, there is a time to mourn and a time to dance; there is also a time to compete, and a time to co-operate, like good Christians, against the heathen.

WE see that the maintenance-of-way men and railway shop-labourers, in their triennial convention at Detroit, 5 October, voted four to one for the amalgamation of all railway labour-unions into one big union. We do not know what this will actually amount to, but as an indication of sentiment, the resolution is worth mentioning. Our impression is that if the "labour-movement" is to main-

tain any organized form in the future, it must do it by way of the one big union, for trade unionism, we should say, is pretty well played out. Labour might profitably consider the organization of privilege and get pointers from it. Privileged groups often collide with one another, and fight like dogs over a bone; but in the presence of a common enemy, they coalesce into a solid front. Moreover, we should think that labour might infer that the abandonment of trade unionism for a broader type of organization might be a good thing from the fact that the exploiters of labour dread it so acutely, and from the fact, too, that professional labour-leaders like Mr. Gompers are so set against it.

THE good people of Boston were recently treated by their esteemed *Transcript* to the most horrendous story of Red hobgoblins that has yet come to our attention. The material for the three-page screamer in the *Transcript* is said to have been gathered from documents impounded by Mr. Daugherty's army of deputies when they recently arrested a dozen or more alleged Communists who were charged with conspiring against the Government in the recesses of the Michigan woods. This gathering is described as the focal point of "the most colossal conspiracy against the United States in its history." According to the story, agents of Lenin and Trotzky are everywhere inciting members of Congress and Government employees, as well as workmen and farmers, to "violence against the constituted authorities." They attend church-meetings where they preach free love and the nationalization of women and children. They started the coal- and railway-strikes. Bishops, prominent officials and society people are enthusiastically participating in the great conspiracy. The chief hobgoblin appears to be a youthful and unintelligent looking foreigner whose photographs and thumbprints cover half the front page of the magazine-section of the *Transcript*. It appears that this young man served a year in prison here on a charge of obstructing recruiting, and is now directing from Moscow the overthrow of the American Government. Among the exhibits is a speech alleged to have been made at the Michigan meeting by Mr. William Z. Foster. It is described as a plea for "violence in overthrowing the Government of the United States"; yet in the text the Government is not even alluded to, even by implication. This may be journalism as the editor of the *Transcript* sees it, but we frankly prefer to get our journalistic farce in the form of the pictorial comic dreadfuls.

In the economic success which has brought the Theatre Guild to the beginning of its third season with thirty thousand dollars of accumulated profits in the bank, there is much encouragement for those who believe that the taste of the American public is neither bad nor good, but simply unformed, whimsical and promiscuous. The public does not discriminate between good plays and bad plays, or between American plays and foreign plays; and in this situation, the Guild has performed a great service. Instead of attempting to nurture the American drama by giving preference to the work of native playwrights, the Guild seems to have sought honestly for the best, wherever it could be found. It is a small matter that mistakes of judgment have occasionally been made; the ideal is sound and admirable, and it would be hard to overestimate the value of its humanizing effect upon a people who may still be taught to take the best of everything for their own.

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*It is not to be understood that articles signed with a name, pseudonym, or initials necessarily agree with the opinion of the editors, either as to substance or style. They are printed because, in the editors' judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading.*

*Editors*—Van Wyck Brooks, Suzanne Clara La Follette, Francis Neilson, Albert Jay Nock and Geroid Tanquary Robinson. Published weekly by the Freeman Corporation, B. W. Huebsch, Gen'l Mgr., 116 West 13th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscription rates, per year, postpaid: in the United States and Mexico, \$6.00; in Canada, \$6.50; elsewhere, \$7.00. London subscription representative, Dorothy Thurtle, 36 Temple Fortune Hill, N. W. 11. Copyright, 1922, by The Freeman Corporation, 18 October, 1922. Vol. VI, No. 136. Entered as second-class matter March 12, 1920, at the post-office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.



## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### A BILL AGAINST DIVORCEMENT.

At the recent national convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church both the House of Bishops and the House of Deputies declared emphatically for democratic control of industry, but with equal emphasis held out for absolute control of the marriage-relation. In the case of industry the clerical legislators offered no definite programme, but contented themselves with expressing a pious desire for "a fundamental change in the spirit and working of our economic life." In the domestic sphere, however, it was specifically made "unlawful" for a communicant to enter into marriage with any divorced person whose husband or wife is living, or for a divorced communicant to remarry during the life of the husband or wife, unless in either case the divorce were for infidelity. In other words, the church stands pat on the much-disputed text of Matthew v, 32: "Whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery: and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery."

The decision of the churchmen was made to the accompaniment of considerable lamentation over what was described as the increasing looseness with which the marital bonds are worn in this country, though at no time in the course of the discussion, so far as we know, was a serious attempt made to analyse the conditions so eloquently deplored or to ascertain their causes. At the conclusion of the convocation, indeed, the Bishops issued a pronunciamiento in which it was assumed that divorce was a cause of the alleged "lowering of moral opinion." They spoke of "the menace of divorce, which encourages a selfish and extreme individualism, is disrupting the American home and poisoning the springs of social life."

We are inclined to think that if the clerical legislators had looked into this question a little, instead of merely legislating upon it, they might have discovered that there is a rather close connexion between our economic and social system and the whole problem of marital relations. Perhaps the factors that make for loose morality in industry are reflected in the domestic sphere. A society motivated primarily by the desire to get something for nothing in an economic way might naturally be expected to carry much of the same desire into its attitude towards marriage. We are certain that the Episcopal Bishops would get an eye-opener if they could compare the percentage of divorces among Americans who work for a living with the percentage of divorces among those who live on the fruits of privilege and monopoly and toil not, neither do they spin.

One gets the impression, however, that these guardians of our morals are not particularly curious about the fundamental causes of divorce; and we are inclined to attribute this incuriousness to a similar incuriousness concerning the nature of the marriage-relation. They are apparently quite content to look upon marriage merely as a religious sacrament, and to lay its failures upon the already overburdened shoulders of "human nature." It was natural, therefore—as it was also the easier way—for them to legislate against the problem instead of trying to understand it. They have not spoken the last word upon divorce; indeed, it will probably be some time before that word is spoken. The problem is too complex to be easily solved, as all problems are which involve intimate human relationships; it has in it too many subtle and imponderable elements. Indeed, so far as marriage

is a matter of temperamental and sexual relationship, it will probably always be attended by the "problem" of divorce. But in so far as it is an economic relationship the attendant problem may, we think, eventually prove capable of satisfactory solution. In a free society, a society where access to economic opportunity was free to all human beings, the economic aspect of the divorce-problem would automatically disappear, for the business of earning a living would be comparatively so easy, for men and women alike, that the economic considerations which now play such an important part in marriage would be simply nonexistent.

As an economic relationship marriage has always, except in rare cases, involved the dependence of the wife upon the husband for support. If there were children, her dependence was, for obvious reasons, the more complete. A natural effect of this condition, and, we venture to think, one which has not only aggravated the divorce-problem but has militated against a rational consideration of marriage and divorce, is the male tendency to regard the wife as private property. Another result is the "old-fashioned woman" whose conception of her position in life goes back to the time when there was but one career open to women, that of wife and home-maker. Having thus for centuries been forced to specialize, it was only natural that women should develop a secondary instinct to oppose any change that would endanger the permanence and security of their profession. For this reason, the old-fashioned woman opposes divorce. Now, however, many women are turning their backs upon this traditional career, and engaging in all manner of pursuits. This very fact must swell the tally of divorces, for it is inevitable that a young woman accustomed to economic independence, with its opportunities for broader experience, finds it difficult to be content with the restrictions of domestic life. The change in the economic status of woman is inevitably affecting the institution of marriage. In this respect our society is in a state of flux, a condition which is bound to result in considerable unrest in the domestic sphere until the technique of living adjusts itself to the changed demands upon it.

As for that part of the divorce-problem which springs from the temperamental and sexual side of marriage, it will probably be done away with when—*Gott soll hüten*—all human beings have become exactly alike. Indeed, we see no reason why one should want to do away with it. To us the idea that a man or a woman must perforce continue to live with a mate who has, for whatever reason, become distasteful, has about it something profoundly immoral. However, a good deal of connubial disharmony might be averted if we as a nation took less pride in the cultivation of ignorance in our young people concerning sexual matters. Until very recently it was possible for young men and women to go through both high school and college in a state of astonishing ignorance concerning the fundamental facts of sex, marriage and parenthood. The church does not insist that these matters be included in the education of its communicants. It does not concern itself in the least with the ignorance of those about to negotiate the solemn vows which it decrees must entail a life-partnership. Beyond the expression of moral platitudes, it offers not an ounce of prevention for what it calls the menace of divorce.

In this country we have forty-eight varieties of divorce-law. There is at least one Southern State, we believe, where marriage is indissoluble, and there are States in the West where anyone who has the money



to hire a lawyer for the performance of the necessary formalities, may secure a divorce on the broad ground of incompatibility. In the State of Washington either party to the contract may, after a separation of five years, have a divorce for the mere asking. Probably authentic statistics on sexual promiscuity are impossible to secure, but comparisons of such statistics for the various States would be interesting. We doubt very much that the essential moralities fare better in a State where one is condemned to be tied for life to a mate who turns out to be a drunkard, a thief, a murderer or a sexual pervert, than in a State where one is permitted to sever one's bonds and remould one's sorry scheme of things entire, and where, if one wishes, one may try marriage again. The iron-clad rules laid down by the Episcopal Bishops would not deter the sexual libertine from pursuing the uneven tenor of his way; on the other hand, they would condemn many conscientious persons to an unnatural and crippled existence, and set a premium upon furtive temporary alliances and prostitution.

### PORK FOR PODUNK.

At certain stated times the citizens of these United States march to the polls and cast their votes for a delegate to represent them in the House of Representatives at Washington. The act of voting for a particular delegate may be the result of any one of many emotions commonly mistaken for principles or faiths, but the men who seek the office and those who attain to it are under no illusions whatever about what their fellow-citizens expect of them when once they get there. There are exceptions, but in general the voters expect something from their officeholders, and that something is a goodly share of the Government pork. Their representative is expected to see to it that they shall have a good, roomy place at the public trough. The history of our pension-system, for example, is one of vote-bartering too shameful for words, and there is a multitude of other examples which do not differ from this save in the size of the stakes at issue. There are rivers-and-harbours bills, reclamation bills, public-buildings bills, and a host of petty schemes looking to the creation of land-increments through this or that governmental activity.

Thus when Postmaster-General Work started propaganda some weeks ago for the purpose of explaining why the Government should own its post-office buildings rather than rent them, the initiate knew perfectly well what was to follow. No public-buildings bill has been introduced since the close of the sixty-fourth Congress, in 1916. The pressure for such a bill at that time was tremendous. Congressmen believed that the largest possible number of Democrats should be sent back to their constituencies with the choicest exhibit of bacon that could be offered to sniffing nostrils. The Administration believed that it could win without any such distribution of pork, and no doubt it was already reckoning on the probable vast expenditures of war.

It was during this Congress that the *Journal of the American Institute of Architects* made and widely distributed a complete analysis of the public-buildings pork-programme. It offered the political and economic history of every public-buildings bill introduced into the sixty-fourth Congress. For the first time, that is, there was presented a close-up of the public hog at the public trough. The President thereupon announced that he would veto such a bill if it were passed. His announcement did not prevent the

enactment of the bill by the House, not in the least. The representatives merely resorted to the old trick of passing the bill, and at the same time "passing the buck" to the Senate, thus appearing to make good to their constituencies.

More than seven hundred items appeared in that enlightening list. They told the tale with force and completeness. In the little matter of post-office buildings, for example, the *Journal* gave the populations of the towns concerned as shown in the last three censuses, the amount of yearly postal receipts, the kind of building it was proposed to build, and the names of the congressmen who were thus discharging their function in representative government, not as it appears in beautiful theory, but as it is in fact when determined by economic factors to which it must bow. Among all the fine examples offered in that list, none was more conspicuous than the building-programme of Congressman Langley of Kentucky. It is presented herewith:

	Population			P.O.	Kind of Building.	Amount of Appropriation Asked.
	1910	1900	1890.	Receipts.		
Whitesburg	321	194	(1)	\$2,031	P. O. & O. (2)	\$75,000
McKee	146	106	(1)	526	P. O. & O. (2)	75,000
Hindman	370	231	(1)	1,173	P. O. & O. (2)	75,000
Saylorsville	310	265	339	1,161	P. O. & O. (2)	75,000
Jenkins	1897	2068	(1)	3,847	P. O. & O. (2)	75,000
Booneville	236	251	(1)	829	P. O. & O. (2)	75,000
Inez	(1)			1,016	P. O. & O. (2)	75,000
Hazard	537	(1)	(1)	4,477	P. O. & O. (2)	75,000
Pikeville	1280	508	456	6,149	P. O. (3)	70,000
Paintsville	942	541	506	5,195	P. O. (3)	70,000
Prestonburg	1120	409	305	3,059	P. O. (3)	70,000

(1) Census-figures unavailable. (2) The bill called for a building for post office and other uses. (3) The site having already been purchased.

This sort of thing is not peculiar to the Kentucky congressmen, by any means. There was the case of Congressman Mondell, for example, an old beneficiary of our institutions, who sought to repair his political fences with the following promises of public buildings:

Green River	1313	1361	1723	\$4,370	P. O. & O. (2)	\$75,000
Newcastle	975	756	1715	4,174	P. O. & O. (2)	75,000
Sundance	281	294	515	2,989	P. O.	75,000

To what end these extravagant building-programmes? To the end of votes, votes to be won by holding out the lure of an expenditure of Government money that in most cases never would be made, although the extent to which the game had been worked may be seen in the list of items where sites had already been purchased. Are the Congressmen to be blamed? That depends upon how one views our institutions. They were doing what their constituents, in the main, expected them to do. Ought they to refuse to do this dirty work? That depends again upon how one views our institutions. If one could sit in the office of one of the Assistant Postmasters-General, after the passage of a public buildings bill, and view the procession of Congressmen that passes in and out, each escorting an obsequious landowner who has come to Washington at great sacrifice to give his lot to the Government—at ruinous prices—if one could also read the testimonials in his behalf written by prominent citizens who own land in the immediate neighbourhood, one would get a vivid glimpse of our great American comedy of Ko Ko and Poo Bah at its best.

Verily, Ko Ko and Poo Bah have their reward. We may mention that Mr. Mondell is now floor-leader of the House of Representatives, and Mr. Langley is now Chairman of the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds, which will have the pleasant task of draft-



ing and presenting the next Public Buildings Pork Barrel Bill!

In the meantime there are vital questions affecting the welfare of our post-office system. Several Commissions have made reports to Congress on the subject, and all of them have dwelt upon the mischief done to the postal service by leaving the decision on post-office buildings in the hands of men who, by the very nature of their obligations to their constituents, cannot act in a disinterested manner and for the common good. But Chairman Langley, taking his cue from the Postmaster-General, has now issued a lengthy statement, in which he promises to bring in a public buildings bill in the next Congress. To square himself with an opposition which he dreads, he also proposes great building-benefits for the city of Washington, where the real-estate interests have for years combined to prevent the erection of greatly needed public buildings and have thereby extorted millions from the public treasury in rentals for as broken down a mess of structures as one can find in many a day's journey in this or any other land. Nowhere in the United States has the private appropriation of land-increments wrought a greater civic injury than in our national capital.

Thus the endless quest for Government appropriations promises to go on at a lively pace in the next Congress. For ourselves we can not get up any great excitement over the prospect of pork for Podunk, in view of the pork that has been handed out to the railways, the shipping-interests and certain great industrialists. After all, it is Podunk that furnishes the money for the big graft; why, therefore, should one begrudge it a little graft of its own? We mention the prospect merely as an example of the corrupting influence of political government not only upon those who govern, but also upon the most remote communities of the governed.

### THE RUSSIAN COMMUNE.

To anyone who happens to be interested in the life of man in Eastern Europe, most of the contemporary writing on Russia must appear altogether inadequate and distorted, for the reason that the activities of the great mass of the people—that is, the peasantry—are almost completely left out of account. We are informed, it is true, that the peasants are opposed to the nationalization of the land, and to the monopolization of trade by the State, and we are also told repeatedly that the people of the villages are unacquainted with the name of Karl Marx, and untouched by the doctrines of "scientific socialism"; but all these negative generalizations leave us quite in the dark concerning the form and substance of peasant-life.

If it is true that the peasants of Russia have gone their own way during these last five years, sometimes with the help of the Government, and sometimes in spite of its opposition, then it would seem that the activities of the village should be described and discussed in such a way as to bring out their independent and positive character. By their failure to do this, or even to recognize the necessity for doing it, the people who write on events and meanings in Russia have almost to a man lost contact with reality.

In this situation, the article on "The True Communists of Russia," in *Current History* for September, is an extremely valuable contribution to the understanding of Russian affairs. The author is ex-Governor Goodrich of Indiana, whose position as an officer of the American Relief Administration certainly does not

prepossess us in his favour. His remarks on the work of the A. R. A. are beside the point; his characterization of the peasant as at once "a true communist" and "a strict individualist" is productive of confusion; his failure to refer to the *Jacqueries* and the land-seizures makes the article as a whole misleading; and yet in the prevailing dearth of information regarding peasant-life during the revolution and under the new regime we welcome the appearance of this article and urge it strongly upon the attention of our readers.

Here at last we have the beginning of an answer to the question: What has happened during the last five years to the most important institution in "the Russian land"—not the Orthodox Church, or the Autocracy, or the Soviet Government, but the village-commune? If Governor Goodrich is properly informed, the commune has survived the revolution and is still carrying on business very much as it did in the days of the Tsars. It has often been said that the peasants of Russia are now headed straight for a system of individual private proprietorship in land, but some of us have been inclined to doubt this all along. We remember that comparatively few of the peasants took advantage of the imperial ukase of 1906, which gave them the opportunity to "emerge" from the *mir* or commune, and to claim their share of the communal holdings as private property, and we have been wondering why the peasants should want to break up the commune now, if they did not care to do so before the revolution. According to Governor Goodrich, the land is still held in common, and re-allotted periodically to the families of the *mir*, in proportion to their size; now, as always, the products are regarded as the property of the producer. The commune is responsible for the apportionment of taxes, which are assessed against it as a unit, just as they were under the old regime. Within the commune the pooling of live stock, implements and labour is still frequently practised by families with adjacent holdings, and the co-operative marketing of produce and purchasing of supplies seems destined to revive under the new dispensation of free (or semi-free) trade.

In everything except the reference to the election by the *mir* of representatives to the Provincial Soviet there is so little novelty here that Governor Goodrich's account of contemporary conditions might have been taken almost verbatim from some description of village life under the old regime. It may not seem surprising, then, that the Governor finds in the villages "the steady, conservative forces of Russia." "None of the peoples of Russia [he says] were so little affected by the Red revolution as the peasants who go to make up the communes."

As we examine these generalizations, we wonder just what Governor Goodrich means by what he says. The facts that he gives seem to show that the social organization of the peasants has indeed been preserved practically intact, but this by no means justifies the statement that the peasant is a conservative who took no part in the revolution. Testimony on this subject is scarce enough, though not so scarce as that on the history of the *mir*, and we have several times seen it stated on good authority that in spite of the opposition of the Provincial Government, *Jacqueries* and forcible seizures of land by the peasants had become common, long before the Bolshevik *coup d'état*. It is certain that the peasants played an important part in the expropriation of the landlords, and it is equally certain that the life of the villages has been profoundly affected by the opening of the old private estates to free cultivation. A reliable witness says that in the course



of a trip from the Volga to Moscow in February of this year, he did not see a single manor-house left standing; but Governor Goodrich prefers to omit all mention of such matters from his article on the conservative and steady-going peasantry.

We should have no fault to find with these omissions, if Mr. Goodrich did not generalize in such a way as to create the impression that all the important evidence in the case has been examined. If due allowance is made for this inconsistency, the article will prove invaluable to the reader who seeks to clarify and humanize his conception of affairs in Eastern Europe.

### BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL.

BECAUSE we have attempted on divers occasions to point out the material and spiritual evils which seem to us to flow from the practice of drawing national lines and emphasizing national characteristics in the realm of the arts, a friend has gone so far as to remark that we seem to be unduly influenced in our attitude towards cultural matters by considerations that have nothing whatever to do with æsthetics. Where, he asks, would we stand, if it could be demonstrated that cultural nationalism promotes the material and spiritual well-being of the people? Is the basis of our judgment a regard for truth, or simply an interest in utility?

The raising of this question gives us the opportunity to sum up what we have to say about the practical workings of cultural nationalism, and then to show just what value we attach to such considerations of practical worth. The imposition of national classifications in the field of the arts operates, we think, to promote an artificial unity of thought within the nations, and an artificial diversity among them. As far as we can make out, this combination of unity and diversity is serviceable in a material way only to those few individuals who profit by domestic abuses against which the unified populations will not rebel, and international conflicts in which they are too ready to engage. Again, we believe that cultural nationalism dwarfs and distorts the individual by narrowing his attention to a particular field, and moulding his spirit to a particular form. On the other hand, it seems to us obvious that the breaking down of intellectual frontiers makes for those conditions of freedom and variety of situation which are essential to the full development of man.

To all these considerations, when we laid them before him, our friend replied by asking us what sort of judgment we would pass upon a book that was, by every æsthetic standard, a masterpiece, and yet happened to inculcate the doctrine of nationalism in its most benumbing form? Would we give any sort of preference to a poorer book which lacked the nationalistic element, or even to a book of equal artistic merit, done in the spirit of humanism? To this question we replied that we should examine and appraise the book according to its literary value, with no regard whatever to the quality and character of its teaching. This brings us around to the proposition that anti-nationalism is no more a proper part of the critic's equipment than is nationalism. The one may seem productive of good results and the other of evil, but the critic will not know his trade until he has learned to pass beyond good and evil, when a work of art is brought to judgment.

### A RETURN TO NORMALCY.

I CAME out of the Maine woods, lured by an announcement in a local paper to the effect that there was to be a "grand Labour-Day celebration." At nine in the morning the whole town was buzzing, and the flivvers were rattling in droves.

"What's going to happen beside the celebration—is there a circus here?" I inquired of the clerk.

"Real old time Labour-Day celebration at eleven o'clock," he informed me obsequiously, "like we used to have before the war and hard times. You're lucky you're in this town."

I drew a great arm-chair nearer the window and watched the people enter. There were numberless cars, the springs invariably flattened with human weight, from which women and children descended, the little girls pausing to pat wrinkles from starched white dresses, before the groups became part of the throng. There was a great friendliness and bustle as knot met knot to shake hands and to laugh, blocking the walks so that the crowd surged out upon the brick pavement to get around them. I watched the human stream, caught its jovial spirit, and decided to become a part of it.

I was carried past the post office with its Civil War cannon at one corner and its bronze tablet with the county Roll of Honour at the other. I drifted to the end of the business-blocks and circled the iron-fenced lot in which stood a statue of a Union soldier in cape and forage cap; the granite block on which he stood was buried in weeds. I paused before a sign: "Library and Rest Room," eddied into the niche of the doorway, hugged it until I discovered a second sign: "Open Wednesdays and Saturdays," and again swung into the current.

I swam the circuit three times when, suddenly, the current was stemmed and I stood alone beside a buttressing wall. The drift had caught along the edge of the walk and left me bewilderingly isolated. I could hear the thumping of a drum down the street. I pressed against the human barricade to view the old-time parade.

Two mounted policemen with flaccid smiles were driven forward on the crest. Behind them came a banner-carrier, bearing a broad, black velvet flag with three gold links upon it, a kind of wide sail decorated with secretive initials, followed by a group of forty men walking four abreast. At the head of the next crest the banner was a deep red and bore a scroll from which the lettering was half obliterated. Marching men followed it. There were more banners, brilliant green, blue and white, orange and black, purple, carmine; and men with axes, men with red, white, and blue cockades, men with red turbans, for the most part sober and sweaty, evidently entering into the business of the thing. A cheesecloth sign informed me that the veterans of the great war were approaching. I saw several dozen gloomy faces pass and the brighter faces of a dozen boy scouts bringing up the second line. A company of State militia stepped smartly by with eyes right, the street ringing with the even clang of their metal shoes. Parts of a band followed, and, with a rattle of a snare drum, struck up a Sousa march.

Floats hove into view. A couple of ladies in white, with large quills poised over a large tablet, scrawled the names of the dead in the late war. (Some one near me caustically commented that he'd seen the same thing in Boomtown on the Fourth.) A second float, neatly labelled "Patronize Home Industries," consisted of a huge cigar with a turret like a submarine. A third, a characteristically huge, deep wagon with several tons of shiny nut coal, was neatly trimmed with streamers and small flags. The famous slogan: "Save a shovelful," had been replaced with a more cheerful motto: "Buy it before it goes up." Another float disguised with rugs and furniture, contained a wax model of a flushed young lady who bore a flag in her stiff fingers. The fifth advised the residents of the county to buy its beds.

Some one stepped on my toes.

"What the thunder—"

"Oh, beg pardon, beg pardon." The grey eyes never ceased to twinkle. "Couldn't help but jump around a little; it's such a return to old times."

"But where's the labour part of it," I demanded as I glanced down the street towards the display of hardware, cement blocks, ice-boxes, and what-not rumbling toward me.

"Oh there were a few men out of work wanted to get out in overalls, but us business men put the wet blanket on that stuff. Too much of the bolshevik stuff is too much."

He glanced at a heap of groceries passing by.

"Certainly is a return to normalcy, don't you think?"

I agreed heartily, vivaciously, dogmatically.

FINN ANDERSON.

### THE TRUE IRISH REVOLUTION.

A PRE-WAR period of the Irish revolution may be said to have begun with the organization of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union by James Larkin and James Connolly, and to have ended with the up-rising of Easter week, 1916. The war-time period of the movement, after 1916, may be said to have ended with the Free State treaty. A new period, taking



its substance from all of the past and its form from events and alignments of the recent past, is now beginning. For there is only an apparent pause in the revolution in Ireland. What seems a pause, or a lack of motion and a suicidal deadlock, is only a turning-point and a realignment of forces.

If there is a pause anywhere in Irish affairs it is in the minds of those Irish sympathizers and observers living outside of Ireland. These have been staggered by recent events, especially by the spectacle of the fighting between Irishmen. The two factions that are now opposed were until very recently engaged together in what seemed a common cause. The break between these factions reached its highest point sentimentally in the death of Michael Collins only a few days before the opening of the Free State parliament. His death has caused a suspension of critical thought and a season of lamentation and despair.

Since the conquest of the Irish clans, the history of Ireland has been the story of traditional desire and continuous struggle for national liberty. This desire and struggle have had their source in the repression and suffering of the Irish workers and their families. The political or patriotic phase of the struggle has had its source in economic conditions; and the most fundamental expressions of the revolutionary purpose in Irish history have made it plain that the achievement of national independence would be valuable only as a political means to an economic end. One must classify as reformers and not as true revolutionists all Irishmen who have viewed an increase in Ireland's political power (within the British Empire) as in itself the object and the end of struggle.

Irishmen who have sought only increased political power (within the British Empire) have prostituted economics, and the suffering and desires of the workers, for political ends. A great part of Irish history is the record of how these political reformers, these liberal politicians, have delayed the inevitable outcome by engaging a gullible rank and file in successive efforts for superficial political palliatives, such as nineteenth-century home rule, parliamentary unionism and, most recently, the Free State agreement. These political reformers have misled those for whom the economic revolution is a fundamental necessity. They are not really leaders at all. They appear to be leaders only when revolt is merely reformatory and history merely romantic.

The present appearance of a pause in Irish affairs is due to these leaders. Another political palliative, the Free State treaty, has been gained. But the true Irish revolution, which seems to many to have collapsed in a panic in which friend slays friend, is another matter entirely. The true revolution has been obscured by this shadow-show; but somewhere out of the present condition of things the head of the true revolution will show itself, if popular attention can be turned from the blind alley of political reform to the highway of the Irish revolutionary movement.

Since the so-called Irregulars, on whom rests the burden of continuing the Irish struggle for political independence as it was originally defined, seem destined to look to the working class for more and more support, the Irish revolutionary struggle seems destined to become more and more avowedly a working-class struggle, aiming at both economic and political revolution. This seems to be the outstanding fact in the affairs of Ireland at this time.

Therefore, the Free State Government in Ireland is in reality a buffer between Downing Street on the

one hand and on the other hand any strictly revolutionary alliance of the Irregulars and Labour. To this extent, the reformist tactics of the Free State supporters, two of the most prominent of whom are now dead, have erected in the Free State Government a barrier against the real Irish revolutionary movement. That Government, especially in so far as it is boldly opposed by Irishmen, will draw to itself all of the blind sentimentality of Ireland, largely because of the romantic popularity there and abroad of those who seceded from the actual revolutionary movement in order to obtain the Free State agreement. British officialdom, of course, foresaw this.

This situation, in which the Free State Government is in effect a buffer between Downing Street and any alliance of the Irregulars with the whole revolutionary working class, seems to be the fact of second importance in contemporary Irish affairs. It is at least a fact of the greatest educational importance.

The Free State Government is really therefore a side-issue of the historical revolt, just as Grattan's Parliament and the parliamentary union were side-issues in their turn. Although the main movement of the revolution may have been weakened, especially in appearance, by the defection of many brilliant men and women who obtained a temporary leadership as reformers in its political phase, the great historical movement, with its dual political and economic aim, strictly revolutionary, still goes on.

Eamonn De Valera, in statements both in Ireland and in this country, has given evidence of being deeply interested in the economic revolution, and of being without fear of the programme of the rank and file of the working class. He said, however, that he himself was not an economist; that he left economics to others, particularly to Arthur Griffith. He supposed, he said, that when political or national independence had been won, there would follow at once the necessary economic changes. However, the men to whom De Valera, as president of the provisional Irish Republic, entrusted the economic programme of the nation, were among those who deserted the Republic for the Free State and the Empire. It is possible that De Valera has made economic researches on his own account by this time, and if he has done this, the fact should conduce to an alliance between his group and labour.

Going back some distance along the traditional highway of the Irish movement, one finds that the following plan was urged upon the Irish Confederation and, more broadly, upon the Irish people, as long ago as the famine year of 1847:

That in order to save their own lives, the occupying tenants of the soil of Ireland ought, next autumn, to refuse all rent and arrears of rent then due, beyond and except the value of the over-plus of the harvest-produce remaining in their hands after having deducted and reserved a due and full provision for their own subsistence during the ensuing twelve months; . . .

That they ought to refuse and resist being made beggars, landless and houseless, under the English law of ejection; . . .

And that the people, on grounds of policy and economy, ought to decide (as a general rule, admitting of reservations) that those rents shall be paid to themselves, the people, for public purposes, and for behoof and benefit of them, the entire general people.

These were the primary provisions of the programme of Finton Lalor for the reconquest of Ireland, by and for the Irish, seventy-five years ago (I give them as quoted by James Connolly in "Labour in Irish History"). Lalor, incidentally, was quite as



aware of the revolutionary and social value of the Gaelic culture as were the organizers of the Gaelic League a generation or more later.

Lalor, William Thompson, Padraic H. Pearse, James Connolly and other Irish leaders, from Wolfe Tone to James Larkin, have been revolutionary economists as well as revolutionary nationalists. The two phases of the Irish struggle, economic and nationalist, or more properly the economic and the Gaelic, are inseparable from each other in the true revolutionary tradition. The true Irish revolutionists have always known that Irish political independence would not put an end to starvation on the island unless the transfer of the ruling-power to Ireland were a transfer of power to the whole people. They believed that a mere seizure or retention of Irish ruling-power by landlords and employers, who might acquire or inherit enfranchisement as Irish citizens, would merely convert a certificate of citizenship into a licence to exploit. Lalor and revolutionists like him have believed, furthermore, that economic betterment rather than political enfranchisement and political independence, for the individual and the nation, was the rallying-point around which the whole people would eventually most wholeheartedly and intelligently gather for the revolt against England.

Arthur Griffith, Michael Collins, and, until this summer at least, even De Valera, have believed in the effectiveness of emphasizing political or national independence as a rallying-point for the population. But the breach between the Free State supporters and the Irregulars, the Republicans, and the resulting opportunity for an amalgamation of political Republicans with the working class, seems certain to result in a return in Ireland to the historical belief that the better revolutionary rallying-point is no less than the aim itself of the revolution, that is, economic betterment—workers' control of industry and land.

STANLEY BOONE.

### EMILY DICKINSON.

"If fame belonged to me, I would not escape her; if she did not, the longest day would pass me on the chase, and the approbation of my dog would forsake me then. My barefoot rank is better." Fame? It is doubtful that Emily Dickinson will ever be famous. She is not the sort of poet to be drummed and trumpeted to the people, nor yet the sort to be respectably dissected in the college classroom. She has been fortunate enough to escape all categories, popular and scholastic:

I'm nobody! Who are you?  
Are you nobody, too?  
Then there's a pair of us—don't tell!  
They'd banish us, you know.

How dreary to be somebody!  
How public, like a frog  
To tell your name the livelong day  
To an admiring bog!

It would be incongruous to read her aloud to a large group, however sympathetic. All the pompous absurdity of election to any Hall of Fame would have convulsed her with laughter, unless directed at herself—in which case she would have fled, panic-stricken. Yet year by year knowledge of the secret spreads, as friend whispers to friend and confides the inimitable poet to a new lover. Her first admirers feel somewhat ashamed of the patronizing or apologetic tone they once adopted towards her writing, and speak in bolder phrases.

"Quaint," "whimsical," "obscure," "eccentric," these words no longer encompass an appraisal of her work, and the lazy minded who once applied them to her have now either given her up altogether or have been piqued by a second reading to closer attention.

*Eccentric* is the most difficult characterization to dispel, and, of course, the most unjust. The highest sanity, imagination, is so consistently ignored by exponents of the "normal," that the imaginative or contemplative life must always seem to them warped and unnatural. What relation to reality had this New England spinster, who year by year retreated farther from the world, until she could boast to a correspondent, "I do not cross my father's ground to any house or town"? Her own answer is sufficient: "Of shunning men and women—they talk of hallowed things, aloud, and embarrass my dog." For every apparent eccentricity of life or style she presents the sane, the final explanation. Reclusiveness in her case was no ignominious flight from the world; it was rather a safe perspective from which she could look around and choose her intimates.

The soul selects her own society,  
Then shuts the door;  
On her divine majority  
Obtrude no more. . . .

I've known her from an ample nation  
Choose one;  
Then close the valves of her attention  
Like stone.

For a variety of reasons, Emily Dickinson's scope has been sadly underestimated. Her brevity has been mistaken for smallness, her love of detail for mere whimsy. Certainly she followed Blake's injunction

To see a world in a grain of sand,  
And heaven in a wild flower;  
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,  
And eternity in an hour.

Her expression is so succinct and plausible that she often completes her statement before a sluggish-minded reader has grasped her phraseology. Her poems rarely exceed a dozen lines; they are epigrammatic and packed. The neatness of her expression is baffling to those who look for the usual padding that gives a reader time to catch up with the poet's meaning. There are no "thank-you-ma'ams" on Emily Dickinson's road; her pace is full speed, and up hill at that. But her itinerary follows a road; she makes no sudden jumps into cosmos. Always she begins her voyage in a familiar New England country-side, and, if she lead you into the realm of Immortality, that, too, is New England country-side, where the only strangeness is the absence of Death.

Eden is that old-fashioned House  
We dwell in every day,  
Without suspecting our abode  
Until we drive away.  
How fair, on looking back, the Day  
We sauntered from the door,  
Unconscious our returning  
Discover it no more.

Yet her mystical second sight has in no way diminished her careful observation of external details. The New England country-side of her poems is exact as well as transfigured. Every changing aspect is noted with exquisite rapture, and every seasonable stir becomes miraculous before her eyes. She was no recluse who could look out of her win-



dow and see illimitable fields and hills stretching away beyond the horizon of death. It is only occasionally that we find her pausing perplexedly before that horizon. Finality, mortal defeat, is a rare theme with her:

This quiet Dust was Gentlemen and Ladies,  
And Lads and Girls;  
Was laughter and ability and sighing,  
And frocks and curls.  
This passive place a Summer's nimble mansion,  
Where Bloom and Bees  
Fulfilled their Oriental Circuit,  
\* Then ceased like these.

More often she looks beyond her mortal landscape with a strangely solemn gaiety; her gaze is never directed towards Death, but through Death, with a sort of tiptoe expectancy of the best:

The overtakelessness of those  
Who have accomplished Death  
Majestic is to me beyond  
The majesties of Earth.

The soul her 'not at Home'  
Inscribes upon the flesh,  
And takes her fair aerial gait  
Beyond the hope of touch.

The immortality towards which Emily Dickinson turns so decisively is no mystical merging of the many into the One—that subterfuge of the weak-spirited. Identity is the greatest boon, its preservation the soul's fiercest function. It is the "Single Hound" which attends the soul through the immense adventure of Life. Moreover, she distrusted abstractions, and saw eternity, as she saw the world which lay around her, in terms of things and individuals.

This revolt against abstract ideas of God and Heaven led her, and probably others, to believe that she was not religious. Any conception of Paradise apart from the Oriental Circuit of well-loved vistas was impossible to her; an absentee God was beyond the acceptance of her healthy imagination. Speaking of her family, she writes: "They are all religious, except me, and address an eclipse, every morning, whom they call their 'Father.'" All the emphasis she could bring to bear stressed the Heaven that lies about us, the God who walks in gardens in the cool of the evening, the immortality that perfects the delights of earth. She could not preoccupy herself with churchliness as she saw it round her; one passing glimpse of scorn or of pity, and she was off to the fields again. "There is what is called an 'awakening' in the church, and I know of no choicer ecstasy than to see Mrs. — roll out in crêpe every morning, I suppose to intimidate the Antichrist; at least it would have that effect on me. . . . Spring is a happiness so beautiful, so unique, so unexpected, that I don't know what to do with my heart. I dare not take it, I dare not leave it—what do you advise?"

Every Sabbath morning, the rest of the Dickinson family went piously to church; Emily stayed at home with her robins and her flowers, because, she explained, it was the more economical method, as it saved going to Heaven.

Some keep the Sabbath going to church;  
I keep it staying at home,  
With a bobolink for a chorister,  
And an orchard for a dome. . . .

God preaches, a noted clergyman,  
And the sermon is never long;  
So instead of getting to Heaven at last,  
I'm going all along!

Another element that cut her off from the orthodoxy of her day was a total ignorance of evil. Sorrow she knew—not, generally, as an intruder, rather as a background to her serene joy; but evil was nonexistent as far as she was concerned. The grim strife against the ghostly foe, so picturesque a part of New England belief even as late as her time, was inexplicable to her. "When much in the woods, as a little girl, I was told that the snake would bite me, that I might pick a poisonous flower, or goblins kidnap me; but I went along and met no one but angels, who were far shyer of me than I could be of them—so I haven't that confidence in fraud which many exercise." Her letters during the Civil War reflect no burning enthusiasm for any abstract cause, but merely a tender admiration for friends of hers who gave their lives—individual heroes individually loved and mourned. For the war itself she has just one comment: "War feels to me an oblique place." This was neither blindness nor heartlessness, but an unworldly innocence which could not comprehend the survival of monsters on an Elysian earth. "We read in a tremendous book about 'an enemy,' and armed a confidential fort to scatter him away. The time has passed, and years have come, and yet not any 'Satan.' I think he must be making war upon some other nation."

All these utterances of hers, whether of slightest or profoundest import, are fraught with a whimsicality of expression that some have called deliberate, even perverse. I can not believe it. Emily Dickinson paradoxically achieves the highest art by the artlessness of her method; consciously, she neither revolts nor conforms. Many of her phrases that seem conscious are short cuts to significance, such as "the soul her 'not at Home' inscribes upon the flesh"; others are natural outbursts of a delightfully naughty humour with which she sometimes tempered satire and sometimes incongruously mingled high seriousness. She was loyal to the child-hearted of the world, and children themselves were her most desired comrades. "Blessed are they that play, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven." The industrious and disapproving were objects of scorn to be avoided when possible, and reviled when necessary.

The butterfly obtains  
But little sympathy,  
Though favourably mentioned  
In Entomology.  
Because he travels freely  
And wears a proper coat,  
The circumspect are certain  
That he is dissolute. . . .

Nor is she afraid to carry playfulness to the very gates of Heaven. Why not? Heaven is just outside the back door, and God is a jolly, fatherly person whom to address familiarly, even flippantly, is the privilege of one who walks with him day by day. There is a saucy appreciation, but no impertinence, in her commending Him for the orderliness of his routine:

Lightly stepped a yellow star  
To its lofty place,  
Loosed the Moon her silver hat  
From her lustral face.  
All of evening softly lit  
As an astral hall—  
'Father,' I observed to Heaven,  
'You are punctual.'

If she invoke her Father's attention to the rat, she is simply taking him at his word concerning his care of all his creatures:



Papa above! Regard a Mouse  
O'erpowered by the Cat;  
Reserve within thy kingdom  
A 'Mansion' for the Rat!

Snug in seraphic cupboards  
To nibble all the day,  
While unsuspecting cycles  
Wheel pompously away.

Who, in the presence of these amazing poems, would wish a single twisted syllable straightened to ensure the comprehension of mediocre minds or the applause of pedants?

It is a strange combination of delights that Emily Dickinson has left to us, so direct as to seem obscure, so loving as to seem brusque, so simple as to seem eccentric. Living amid the velvet hush of American Victorianism, she blew clarion notes of the shocking truth; a daughter of Puritanism, she pushed past the rigid image of Fear and took her God confidently by the hand. The vast love that was her being was never squandered in such sentimental abstractions as Humanity, Nature, and Religion; it was profitably, if wantonly, poured out for the individuals and objects that she knew, her family, her friends, the hired man, all children, her garden, and the visible symbols of life everlasting. Pomposity and show were known to her only as absurdities to be shunned; and always, in every word she wrote, we find that excellent sense of proportion, too significant to be called a sense of humour, which gave to her most solemn statements an unvarying charm.

As I look out of my window over the drowsy New England landscape, I catalogue the myriad details of beauty that I see, wondering if any of them escaped her gleeful comment. Not one; they are all in the fields outside; they are all in the book under my hand; and in both is the mystery of recurring life, the happy sense of everyday reality made eternal through love. It is something to have been the laureate of an entire country-side. Beauty is not always clearly articulate, and even these happy fields would be less familiar had she not interpreted their speech.

But was she a great poet? The question startles us back into technicalities. I can not rely on the word poet; it has suffered sad changes; I am not sure I should like to call anyone I respect a poet any more. Something strange has come over the word; it is half blighted like the sun in partial eclipse. She certainly discovered a magic idiom of her own, which is hers only and can never be imitated. She interpreted New England and Eternity—but both these lands have fallen in favour. Perhaps I had best turn to her own criterion of poetry as she expressed it to Colonel Higginson, who called it a "crowning extravaganza": "If I read a book and it makes my whole body so cold no fire can ever warm me, I know that is poetry. If I feel physically as if the top of my head were taken off, I know that is poetry. These are the only ways I know it. Is there any other way?" One other way, at least, Emily Dickinson; and I am not sure I can define it. I hear much talk about the Greatest American Poet, with Poe and Whitman in the foreground. I read them both; I admire one of them. But there is only one American writer who, I am certain, can never, in any place, or in any manner, be subjected to comparison; and perhaps that is another way of knowing poetry.

ROBERT HILLYER.

## ASPECTS OF CORNWALL.

INFINITY itself, I conceive, might lose some of its horror when, beside the sea, the world itself seems no more to have a limit; for, as in Aristotle's profound saying that in art there must be continual sight-variety, so the sea alone, of all things, to us ephemeral mortals who may perchance put on the shifting vesture of immortality, has the continual sight-variety of all great art. To our lawless minds, to our rebellious instincts, to our passionate imaginings, restlessness is inevitable; that restlessness which must abide always in the nerves and in the blood of those who create. One creates one's images out of the body's discontent and out of the rage of unsatiated eyes and out of the lust of satiated lips and out of the sweet bitterness of the serpent's sting. One creates figures that are symbols of one's bodily sensitiveness and of the spirit's sensitiveness: we see their wasted veins and bloodless faces, those who are lost in luxurious passions, who sin inevitably. Evil, I have said, evil itself, carried to the point of a perverse ecstasy, becomes a kind of good, by means of that energy which, otherwise directed, is virtue; and which can never, no matter how its course may be changed, fail to retain something of its original efficacy. So, in Hogarth and in Goya, as in Daumier and in Méryon, a profound spiritual corruption is in some mysterious fashion—by some mysterious marriage of Heaven and Hell—set in fiery motion, into a form of divine possession, which can never be the triumph of the Spirit over the Flesh. Yet evil can be justified of itself, and the revelation of evil in art equally justified. Plotinus, in his treatise "On the Nature of Good and Evil," declares:

But evil is permitted to remain by itself alone on account of the superior power and nature of good; because it appears from necessity everywhere comprehended and bound, in beautiful bonds, like men fettered with golden chains, lest it should be produced openly to the view of divinity, or lest mankind should always behold its horrid shape when perfectly naked; and such is the supervening power of good, that whenever a glimpse of perfect evil is obtained we are immediately recalled to the memory of good by the image of the beautiful with which evil is invested.

I have never forgotten the summer of 1895, which I spent with Charles Conder and Aubrey Beardsley in Dieppe; Beardsley who liked the large, deserted rooms in the Casino, at hours when no one was there; the sense of frivolous things caught at a moment of suspended life, *en déshabillé*. At night he was almost always watching the gamblers at *petits chevaux*, studying them with a kind of hypnotized attention for that picture of "The Little Horses," which was never done. He never walked; I never saw him look at the sea. Yet one enters with him into a world where the soul, infinite in its curious capacity for sin, follows with inevitable weariness the sins that were once a pleasure, the sins that have turned into images of disgust; it has become more than ever languid, somewhat less luxurious, more than ever imbued with mockery. It was because he admired and hated Oscar Wilde that Beardsley created a Salome entirely of his own fashioning, into which entered a diabolical beauty, beauty not yet divided against its passion for its own beauty and for its own nakedness. He introduces "Pierrot Gamin" of Verlaine into the irreverent design of "The Black Cape"; he introduces tragic horror into the austere and terrible design of "The Dancer's Reward," in the dripping head of John the Baptist, thrust aloft by a long black arm. He symbolized his evil genius in that abominable drawing of a hideous monster who opens a book on which is inscribed—inscribed in sheer and devilish irony—Dante's inscription to Love: *Incipit Vita Nova*. He symbolized his evil genius in "The Scarlet Pastoral," where a harlequin of his invention struts close to the footlights, turning his back on the play; and, beyond him—with Beardsley's sense of profanity—sacramental candles have been lighted which, under an unseen wind, gutter down in solitude. . . .

I came on Kynance Cove on a miraculous morning; on the way there I plunged into deep abysses of mud and of bog. The bog and the yielding pressure of the heather



reminded me of Rosses Point in Ireland; here, on the Lizard Downs, as there, the ground which one fancies to be solid, proves, if one tries to cross it, to be a great, yielding bog, with intervals of rock on hard soil; to walk over it is to move in short jumps, with an occasional longer leap. I had to take great leaps here, across a dried-up watercourse. The bog is treacherous: the heather has the treachery which is one of the allurements of voluptuous things; and for this reason I like the voluptuous softness of the bog, for one's feet sink luxuriously into the pale, golden mounds of moss which rise between the rusty heather and the starveling grasses. I always find it luxurious to lie on my back on the scented heather, which evokes visions; luxurious also when one's feet slide gently into its soft depths, which have no resistance, which rise again as the waves rise.

So, on the way there, I tried that experiment: I lay sideways on the heather and cast my eyes in all directions. The moor seemed endless, covered with its inevitable sombre colours. It is not desolate, not barren; it is full of strange savage beauty; it has an enigmatical fascination; there is something inexplicable in the enigma this moor presents to one: there is nothing inexplicable in the fact that I am alone. Even the narrow muddy track to the sea has, for my imagination, its attraction.

No sooner had I arrived on that huge height, from which I saw on the right enormous slopes like the creation of giants—giants risen from a deep pit under the earth—covered with savage, sombre tints of colours, intricate and bewildering, and, between that and the slope on which I stood, a steep path through a notch of serpentine which leads to the beach, which one has to scramble over, so as to reach a corner of the rocks washed by the tide, from which one enters a land-locked amphitheatre deserted by the waves at low water; than I was seized by the glamour and by the fearful fascination of this wizard's work. Sublime, secluded from the jealous world's eyes, with giant heads staring at one, grim and gaunt on the horizon, with immense caverns that hid huge depths between them, formidable gullies, uncouth shapes of stones flung this way and that way on the uneven ground; and, with all this, such rarities in the way of colours as one sees only in Cornwall. I thought then of the mediæval humor in old Cornish legends, which still plays freakishly with the saints and with the Devil. Here, however, there is nothing of the satanic humour, the games of giants, the goblin-gambols of the Spirits of the Sea and of the Earth, that one finds at Land's End. Everywhere in Cornwall, as in Wales, in Ireland and in Spain, the people are superstitious. I find on the seacoast of Cornwall, just as I found on the seacoasts of Ireland and Wales, besides the dignity of the peasants, a fine laziness when they are in the open air, and a subduing sense of the sea's peril, its hold upon their fortunes and lives, which often moulds them into a self-sufficing manliness, a hardy womanhood.

This almost supernatural night, almost spectacular, almost theatrical, almost spectral, creeps over my senses with an intense sense of the mystery that exists in all things: in Hell and in Heaven, in the fire, the sea, the wind, in life, in death, in passion, in abnegation, in despair and in ecstasy. All this comes over me with an inexplicable thrill, an enigmatical insistence on I know not what: this soft sense of being enveloped, as one always is in a Cornish sea-mist, in an atmosphere unknown to one—an atmosphere of this world and not of this world.

I hear the sea-gulls crying with scornful laughter, chattering in a bizarre fashion, shrieking aloud their hatred, shouting with inhuman mockery, with infinite contempt, as they shake in intense nervous excitement. These sea-birds, who have the ferocity of their race, and a savage abandonment to their lawless natures; whose will is not the wind's will or the sea's will, but a will that directs their course and that rules over their lives and their loves, that is shown in their indomitable sense of flight, in their unflagging energy; these sea-birds, when they are not resting or poisoning on their wings, have always in their savage throats a hunger for the utterance

of unimaginable things and of those "lawless and uncertain thoughts," that one imagines they express at their wildest point of ecstasy, in their contact with the deadly and storm-swept air, and in the very hearts of the fiercest tempests where alone they find exultation. At the Land's End, where I felt at once secure and alone, like a bird in a cleft of a rock, there was the restlessness of space, the noise of the sea and of the sea-birds: there the sea-gulls cry and laugh night and day: night and day one hears the sea crying and laughing.

The other night I heard a sound that resembled the sound of thunder: it was literally the storm-tossed sea surging with an intense and unrelaxing violence on the rocks in Kennack Bay. The full moon cast a shining and a shifting shadow on the sea—almost "a pathway of gold," as in Browning's verses.

Whenever the serpent-headed waves toss maliciously, green, not venomous, those lines of Rossetti's surge before me.

Consider the sea's listless chime:

Time's self it is, made audible—

The murmur of the earth's own shell.

Secret continuance sublime

Is the sea's end: our sight may pass

No furlong further. Since time was

This sound hath told the lapse of time.

Such are the limits of the sea: beyond these limits there may be the quiet which is death's; only, in our own mournfulness, we must image the sea's mournfulness, "enduring always at dull strife." It is this dull strife, that makes the sea one's invincible enemy: a strife with the wind, with the rocks, the sand, the dunes, the ships, and with our own existences.

The sea, which changes like music, continually, is a mirror, not only to the stars and to the moon, but to all one's dreams; and that room of mirrors, painted by Holman Hunt, in which the fabulous Lady of Shalott wove her fate, is but an image of the sea's irresistible imprisonment of oneself with oneself. So, at Mullion Cove, one is, as it were, imprisoned, deep inside a narrow harbour, no more than two boat's lengths wide at the entrance, where the sea chafes at the wall and at the rocks, planted hugely without; great black heights which cut off half the sunlight as one passes into their shadow. There is something fierce in its seclusion; so much so that I always felt there as I felt in Cadiz, when at night I used to wander on the desolate stretch of ground behind the Cathedral, pushing my way against the wild wind until I leaned over the wall, and could watch the grey waves heaving up and down with the long roll of the Atlantic. The sea tells us that nothing ever changes, that all existence is a rhythm, that tides go out and return, and that it can give us the sleep of a narcotic.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

## PHANTOM.

### XXXII

I COME now once more to the principal thing, to the idol that I worshipped and that had brought my character and my life to derailment. I still kept struggling against its power, but without being able to escape from its grasp, and still it tyrannized over me.

Every evening and every morning I would promenade around the Ring for at least an hour, back and forth in front of Enmo Harlan's house.

I further attracted attention to myself by buying something in the hardware-store at least every other day.

Once I saw the proprietor going through the store, recognized in him the gentleman whom I had seen at the window, and made him a deep bow.

There were thirty to forty salesmen in the room, and it seemed to me that they were laughing at me. But I did not care.

You can not know, I thought to myself, how terribly serious this matter is for me, and how I am directed to this threshold by the inexorable finger of God, to find here either life or death. Laugh! I laugh no less. The courage to live is the courage to die.

Of course I sought in every possible way to meet the



little daughter. I knew the times when she drove out, and would always make a deep bow when the little wicker carriage drove past me. The powerful instigation of my Daemon to run after it, as I had done the first time, I was always able to overcome.

However, he betrayed me into other almost equally foolish acts.

When the beautiful child, admired and stared at by every one, strolled around the promenade with her governess or with her distinguished parents, leading a white greyhound on a red ribbon, I was helplessly impelled to meet her four or five times and to perform each time the ridiculous ceremony of a deeply devoted salutation.

It was on a Sunday that I was observed in such a repeated salutation by Vigottschinsky, who then unexpectedly hooked his arm into mine from behind. He frankly confessed that he was now up to my dodges, and he admitted that there was no fault to find with my taste.

Since my secret was now irretrievably betrayed, it would have done little good if I had denied it. So I resolved to be frank, now that I had the confessor I had wanted, and to reveal my passion to its full extent.

I also renewed my lying assertion that I had met with the favour of the beautiful child, and was well liked by her parents. Vigottschinsky hastened to take his oath that this had been evident at the first glance.

Again we went into one of the beer-gardens, this time at midday.

### XXXIII

On this day the sluices gave way, and I revelled in pouring out my heart, in the confession of my insane passion. This was a deliverance, a relief that had never hitherto been vouchsafed me. I found, or thought I found, in Vigottschinsky a man who not only knew how to honour my confidence, but had the deepest understanding of my distress.

I asked him on his conscience whether he thought there was any hope that I might ever possess this creature, without whom I was unable to live, and I was overjoyed when he unconditionally affirmed it.

He then confirmed me in what I already thought I knew, that for me everything depended either on attaining distinction as an author by some lucky stroke, or else on getting a fortune. But the latter was probably the easier and more obvious method, and he would advise me to pursue it.

He mentioned to me a number of cases where a single good idea had made its discoverer a rich man overnight. Such ideas he had often had himself, but they had mostly been stolen from him by so-called friends and had brought riches not to him but to them.

After we had eaten, and as we still went on drinking, we fell into an endless building of air-castles, and both of us grew so excited over it that we swore eternal friendship. We stood up, drank solemnly with linked arms, to the astonishment of the people who sat round us, and even sealed our union with the customary kiss of brotherhood.

Hereupon we shook hands, expressed our joy at having found each other, and mutually pledged our word that neither would undertake anything without the other.

With that our relations had naturally taken on a different aspect. We were now friends, indeed brothers, and could be frank with each other in everything.

Vigottschinsky said, "All right, we are friends, and we want to make money. We want, let's say, to make money by commerce. We must register and advertise a firm, quite unobtrusively if you like. Or we'll simply advertise and not have the firm registered. We'll rent a little office and stock up with some article or other that people are apt to fall for: suppose it's a hair-wash or a mouth-wash or a mineral water. It could just as well be a remedy for debility or a specific to produce a handsome bust, or anything else. Business is business. A real merchant won't shrink from any article that brings in money. We'll advertise and have the money sent in advance. In this way, if all goes well, you get hold of some capital. The advertising-section of the newspaper is a keyboard that conjures up ducats instead of music if you know how to play on it. Then when you have the capital, you take

maybe two per cent of it, have your article manufactured, and ship it out. If the people have to wait a bit, that does no harm."

I made some objections to this.

"Oh shucks," he continued, "every druggist makes a hundred per cent profit, and there are absurd earnings in the bank-business. Every cigarette-manufacturer wants to get out seventy or eighty per cent. In business-life you can't be squeamish."

Two-thirds of my thousand-mark-note had been spent by this time. I had informed my new friend of its provenance. Now when I called to his attention the fact that advertising itself required some capital, he declared instantly, and without reflection that Aunt Schwab must advance it.

Thus was laid on that day the foundation for the conspiracy against her to which she fell a victim.

### XXXIV

The plan seemed at first not so perfidious as it turned out later on. Vigottschinsky knew from me how much influence I had with Aunt Schwab, and I knew that he too had been establishing himself more and more solidly in her confidence. I have already said that I am not wholly clear as to the character of his relations with her.

Well, let us rather say: I am clear.

I spare nobody, because I must serve the truth in this book as best I can, and besides, there is here no question of good and evil. I do not pronounce sentence upon myself; how should I do so by others?

Vigottschinsky, who was a cynic through and through, had evoked Aunt Schwab's eroticism, perhaps intentionally, and had left it by no means unused.

So if he and I joined forces against my aunt, we should represent a power over her which she herself had granted us, and for which she was probably no match. And we already had so much confidence in each other as hard-boiled knights of industry, that we unreservedly admitted this state of affairs to ourselves and based our plan of campaign on it.

### XXXV

I should be to this day the same diabolical scoundrel that I must have appeared to be then, if I had in those days had my feet on the ground. But the power of Eros had detached me from the earth and held me fettered in a fixed, immaterial sphere. Hence I can say to-day with a good conscience that if I did sink into the abyss of crime, it was due to no really earthly motive and hence no base one.

To deeds of drunkenness the courts, perhaps wrongly, allow the familiar mitigating circumstances. A man is not held for the blind and perhaps bloody deed that he commits in a fever that is physically proven to have risen to 104 degrees and more. Such a man is not responsible. Was I at the time responsible?

Such a bewitchingly beautiful child as Veronica Harlan, on the strength of what I could have confessed concerning her influence over me, would have been taken to the public square in the dark ages and burned as a witch.

I mean by this to say no more than that the power of love seemed supernatural in bygone days. What do you suppose I should have said to my confessor, in the days of which the wonderful Gothic architecture of the Breslau city hall bears witness, and especially the whipping-post before it, about the influence of the hardware-dealer's daughter over me?

"Your Reverence, I was a peaceful person and I have lost all peace, I was as industrious and assiduous as an ant and now I have become an idler, I was as unexact as a lame cab-horse and now I have become a libertine and a glutton. I used to love my mother more than anything: if she should die to-day, I should not need to brush away a tear. I used to love God and Heaven, and fear the Devil and his Hell; but tell me to-day where Veronica Harlan is, and though she dwell in Hell, I will renounce God and Heaven for ever more.

"From the moment when I first saw the girl dates this alteration. I have never touched Veronica's finger, or exchanged so much as a word with her, and yet whether afar or near she has absolute power over me. Remote in



the flesh, she is nevertheless everywhere present to me. She floats in through my open window by night and glides with equal ease through the thickest wall. She causes me torments which are not readily described, and raptures which can be described no better. She scorches my brain, she burns my liver. She makes me mad. Make the witch take pity on me, or I renounce eternal bliss, and you will cut down my hanged body from the door-post."

After such a confession the Inquisitor would not long have hesitated to deliver Veronica Harlan over to the torture.

Either I had to die, or to find ways and means of winning Veronica Harlan and so securing deliverance. But the ways I had hitherto trod, with and without Vigottschinsky, were of an extravagant nature. That they were in reality not practicable I did not see, because the monstrous illusory power of love had taken from me all sense of the power of reality.

### XXXVI

It was fast approaching midnight, and Vigottschinsky and I were still sitting harmoniously together and making our plans. Of course we had long ceased to sit in the beer-garden, and had changed our quarters several times. We had gone over from beer to wine, because our confidence in early and large gains rose from minute to minute and I therefore did not need to put any value on saving still further the rest of my thousand-mark-note.

It might have served me as a warning that this day had an excessively strange ending, and in the end not a good one. But I kept seeing nothing but my goal. It was, as we know, a goal in the clouds.

We entered at about half-past eleven a certain centre of night-life, to which Vigottschinsky had introduced me because it was the meeting-place of the handsomest and costliest prostitutes. It was called a café-restaurant, and one could drink in it coffee, either iced or with milk, tea, chocolate, Pilsen beer, every sort of brandy, and every sort of wine up to the best French champagne. Also there were suppers served at many tables.

It was the first time I had ever seen such a genteel harlots' resort, gleaming and sparkling with gilt tapestries, mirrors, and huge chandeliers hung with glass prisms. It is then not to be wondered at if the flood of light, the evening gowns of the ladies, the tuxedos of the gentlemen, the waiters in elegant dress-suits, the dazzling white napery and shirt-fronts, at first intimidated me considerably. I even wondered for a moment whether they might not show us the door. This was unfortunately not the case.

It did not take twenty minutes to get used to things, and I saw myself being served by a distinguished gentleman in full dress, who treated me like a minister of State.

I was really astonished at the progress I had already made.

Vigottschinsky unobtrusively called my attention to certain rules of propriety to be observed here: that you must not put your knife in your mouth, and that you didn't tap on your glass to call the waiter; but yet he said that nobody could possibly detect that I had not yet mingled in such circles.

I thought of mother and our apartment, and shuddered. I betrayed in my heart simple Master Stark and his daughter, thinking that they were now after all not the right associates for me. Dear father, dear Marie, you have forgiven me for this a thousand times.

Four or five gipsies made with various fiddles and a *sembalo* some wonderful music, which lulled you as it were into a blissful intoxication. I at once resolved that on this day I should not mind the three hundred marks that I still had in my pocket.

I'll not be shabby here, was my utterly silly reflection, for I am taking my first steps on the parquet floor of the elegant world, which is also Veronica's world (I had now learned her name and was almost always whispering it).

But perhaps I was not so wrong after all. Among the gentlemen there were those whose distinguished origin could be clearly seen. And it later transpired that even

the son of the president of the provincial council was occupying the table in the corner with his ladies.

When I said at the beginning that it was really too bad that we had not been induced in one way or another, directly upon our entrance, to turn around, I was thinking of the experience that awaited me here. There were clouds gathering there for a storm that even in retrospect brings my heart up into my throat.

GERHART HAUPTMANN.

(Translated by Bayard Quincy Morgan.)

(To be continued.)

## POETRY.

### WORDS ON PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

#### I

##### FRUITS.

Continents twisted in the grip of war—  
What for?

Markets and roads and tariffs and per cents

And rents;

New buzzards for old eagles, birds of prey

At play;

Empire, whatever be its altered name,

The same

Outcome of peoples' passions and their dreams,

In schemes

Of politicians and of banking-men!

And then—

The dreamers wake. And to an iron few

Come due

The notes of folly at the rates of fear.

The seer,

Reveled by lawyers, hated by the schools

Of fools,

Comes out of prison, with a crown of pain

Again.

And the average man, confused and meek and lean,  
Has seen

Only the stars in moving-picture shows—

And goes

Yielding his bonds at a discount to the banks,

With thanks.

#### II

##### CHRISTIANS.

While Christ in Gandhi fronts the world of Christ,

While the Philippines and Mexico are priced,

While diplomats at Washington confirm

Each intricate and salutary term

Whereby Shantung is sold to those who own it,

China to borrow the money, we to loan it,

New York has spoken, using as its organ

A member of the Christian house of Morgan:

"Old China will be modern," he has said,

"When Buddha and Confucius both are dead

And like ourselves it follows Christ instead."

#### III

##### LINCOLN.

Lincoln, come back to us, for all our ways are changed

From open difference between right and wrong.

Only the strong

Are right. We are estranged

From our own childhood. We have fought a war

Illumined with the name

Of liberty—yet, unashamed of shame,

We sell the liberty we fought it for.

Lincoln, come back

To make our cowardice brave.

There is no darkness in the grave

Like to this lack

Of decent manhood, no decay in death

Like to this lust

For comfortable importance and no dust

In any mouth so cruel as our living breath.

Ireland has cried to us. Perhaps we heard.

China we seem to answer. India we befriend.

And yet we only swagger and pretend

When, infamous, we speak the word

You, Lincoln, spoke for us and dare to call

A race like this American at all:

A traitor-race,

Enslaving Haiti, casting out the truth

From Santo Domingo, fouling its own youth. . . .

Lincoln, come back and look us in the face.



#### IV THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER.

And then I felt a fever in my veins  
To be done with all these passions, all these pains.  
I envied the Unknown Soldier. Let him lie  
Solemn, anonymous. A man must die—  
What difference whether mighty with no name  
Or with dated lettering of a puny fame?  
Death is a simpler matter, anyway,  
Than merely living on from day to day,  
The blunders and the blaming and the blinking—  
No wonder wars occur, instead of thinking!  
Must we be fools and, when we organize,  
Grow twice as sinister and half as wise?  
When we enlist as soldiers of a State  
Or race or creed or culture, anything great,  
Why will we think as little as we can,  
Instead of being friendly man to man? . . .  
The hour the great memorial went by,  
I saw a woman clasp a child and cry—  
And then a touch of fever caught her breath,  
To have her baby die as fine a death.

Are there any fruits to know us by but these?  
Was that a whisper in the evening trees?

WITTER BYNNER.

### MISCELLANY.

SINCE I returned to New York, friends have been showing me the town to such good purpose that if the spirit of the boulevard dwelt here as it does in Brussels or Budapest, I might be turning boulevardier in my old age. Not long ago I was taken to dinner at a restaurant frequented by "the sporting-element," and I ate a very fine meal in the company of a most prosperous-looking crew of race-track gamblers, touts, thugs, pickpockets, book-makers, cutthroats, gunmen, politicians and desperadoes of all kinds—the most villainous looking set of men, I think, that I ever saw assembled together in my life—and their ladies with them. We went to this place for no sociological study or to see how the other half lives, but for the prosaic purpose of getting a good meal, which was always a problematical matter in New York, and has of late become almost impossible. I will say for these sons of the outer darkness that they certainly live well. I scrutinized the bill of fare carefully, and was interested to see that it was one-hundred-per-cent American, with not a single foreign dish on it or a foreign name for a native dish. It was as sturdily native as Mark Twain's celebrated bill of fare which he published in his "Tramp Abroad." The restaurant itself was simon-pure American in all its arrangements and furnishings, as American as Dorlon's on Twenty-third Street used to be.

THE experience made me realize once more how large a body this "sporting-element" is, and how it has to be reckoned with by candidates for public favour, such as newspapers and politicians. One understands easily why its interests command so much space in the press, and how so many special publications devoted to those interests can get along as prosperously as they do. These considerations make a useful study in proportion and value; for here is this large and influential element in our society, busy all the time and doing well, yet if one does not put oneself in its way, one is not half the time aware that it exists. One gets an uncomfortable feeling, too, at remembering that it is a purely parasitic class, as much so as the privileged upper class, or as officeholders or soldiers. When one remembers that one person in every twenty is living off the tax-roll, and that productive industry has not only to pay for their keep but for that of the idle privileged person and this big horde of riff-raff as well, one wonders how long productive industry can take the gaff.

Not that I wax wroth about it, for I can not find it in my heart to begrudge anybody an easy living, and I know that all these parasites have their troubles and their ups and downs, like the rest of us; and some of them work harder, too, to maintain their parasitic status than the rest of us do at productive industry. There is a peculiar perversity about this, somewhat like the perversity of

setter dogs or children, who will gladly work themselves almost to death over something useless or mischievous, and balk at putting one-hundredth as much energy into anything productive. Like woman's work, the gunman's, pickpocket's, politician's, speculator's, is really never done. Their worriments never end. The most worried, timorous, rabbit-like people I ever saw were among our erring brothers in Congress and in Wall Street. Earning an honest living in productive industry would not give them half as much anxiety. Hence one wonders what it is that really determines the disposition of energy in the *Oberhefe* and *Unterhefe* of our society, the strata which lie above and below the stratum of productive industry—the scum at the top and the dregs at the bottom. I read not long ago, in the account of a fashionable wedding that the bride had undergone five years training for proficiency in sports, in order to fit herself for the responsibilities of her new position. That strikes me as a laborious job, and I think the lady has earned all that she will presumably gain by a rich husband. If I were a woman, I would not do that much work to get my hands on the pocket-book of the richest man living.

BUT going back to the shady gentry in the restaurant, the one thing that I most envied them was the privilege of eating from a clean table-service; and I speak as one of many who for their sins must depend largely on restaurant-fare. I have an idea for an enterprising *restaurateur*, and if there is one such in New York, now that Christmas is coming on, I will gladly make him a present of it. Let him advertise his dish-washing, let him make a big splurge about it, and live strictly up to his advertising, and I believe that within a week he will have to get the police out to stem the run on his place. It has happened that I have eaten meals lately at all sorts of restaurants, from the most elaborate to those of the plainer sort; and in the one as in the other, the table-silver smelled villainously of rancid dishwater. It made me wonder whether the quality of patronage, as well as the quality of service, were running down. I hear that one of our prominent and fashionable *restaurateurs* recently quit business with the remark that he had always made it a point of pride to serve gentlemen with the kind of service that gentlemen should have, and that now he no longer had either gentlemen to serve or proper service to give them if they came. I hope that this is an exaggeration. Since personal cleanliness, however, is supposed to be the absorbing passion of Americans, it seems queer that they are not a little more fastidious about their public table-service.

GENERAL cleanliness here, however, is now but a memory, since New York went on a soft-coal basis; though for one reason and another, the atmosphere of the city has grown steadily worse for the past decade. A dozen years ago, we had clear air and brilliant sunshine, and were able without too much effort to keep ourselves and our surroundings fairly presentable. Probably the immense increase of street-traffic and the unconscionable multiplication of motor-cars has had most to do with the change, until the coming of soft coal; and now that soft coal has come, life is a nightmare of filth and hideousness. One of my major grievances against this innovation is that it has deprived us of the joy of our one great natural attraction—the sunset. I always took pleasure in telling my friends in Italy, as one might with perfect truth, that I could match the Mediterranean's very best assorted sunsets with what we have almost any evening right here over New York's harbour. But as I took a train in Hoboken the other evening, the sky was impenetrably veiled by sickly yellow murk, and only when I got beyond Paterson could I see how magnificent a spectacle it presented. Our civilization is implacable in resenting beauty and ruthless in confiscating it; uneasy, apparently, in its presence and never resting until it is somehow gotten out of the way. Well, that is natural, I suppose.

THE mention of motor-cars reminds me of some one's observation that our excessive addiction to them is losing us the use of our brains and our legs; and this reminds



me in turn of a friend's complaint to me last week, that the motor-car is ruining our tempers. It was Sunday afternoon, and he had come in from a walk, in high dudgeon at the tyranny of the motorist over the pedestrian. "I used to enjoy a stroll at leisure on the quiet streets of a Sunday," he said, "One looked at the people and felt friendly towards them, everybody had plenty of room, and plenty of time to be courteous. But now I cross a street with my life in my hands, dodging the infernal motorists who monopolize the road with no consideration for anything or anybody, hating the pedestrian and knowing that he hates them." I had never thought of the motor-car as a hate-breeder, but no doubt it is, just as the bicycle used to be in the days when I rode one, and still is in places like Copenhagen, for instance, which swarms with them. I well remember that the man who taught me to ride a bicycle laid upon me the final injunction, after my last lesson, that according to the freemasonry of the craft, I was expected thenceforth "to knock down an average of not more than three pedestrians, or fewer than one, per day."

I HAD given up riding years before I visited Copenhagen and while there I cursed the bicycle and bicyclists bitterly; and since I loathe motor-cars and never set foot in one when I can possibly help it, but love to walk—especially, like my friend, to stroll about the city on Sunday afternoons—I too denounce and deplore the arrogance of the motorist. There is in all of us, probably, a streak of the Widow Douglas, who would not let poor Huck Finn smoke, but as to taking snuff, "of course that was all right, because she done it herself." As Mr. Bedott used to remark in contemplation of the human race, "We're all poor critters." That being the case, I shall make the most of my weakness; and I therefore register here and now the solemn and irrevocable wish that all motorists were swept at once from the face of the earth, to be interned with their motor-cars in some inferno, there to stay until they had hooted themselves into lunacy with their horns, and stunk themselves to death with their gasoline-fumes. Amen and Amen.

JOURNEYMAN.

## THE THEATRE.

### "THE CHERRY ORCHARD."

THE most startling and disturbing experience that any friend of expressionism can have is to sit through a performance of Chekov's "The Cherry Orchard," given by the Moscow Art Theatre—even by that portion of Stanislavsky's celebrated company which was cut off by Wrangel's army while playing in Southern Russia and compelled to tour Europe for two years before repatriation was possible. Here is a play of a generation ago written by the man whose dramas were the corner stone of success for the world's greatest realistic theatre. It is a genre study almost without plot; decayed aristocrats, old servants, newly-rich peasants and the incident of the sale for debt of an ancestral property. There is no more violence in it than the violence of life which rots an oak. There is no more distortion than is to be expected in light reflected from the troubled surface of life; and it is played with an almost utter perfection of realistic detail, complete impersonation, and rounded ensemble.

Yet if this is realism we have never known realism in our theatre. It carries us through life and out on the other side. It drenches us with a mystic sense of existence. And when we read the text of the play and separate it from the extraordinary emotional actuality of the performance, we discover again and again speech that drives straight at free expression instead of resemblance, and action and character permeated with an almost religious symbolism. All this is fused by playwright and players into what seems

a work of the most perfect resemblance, but what is actually only the appearance of appearance.

The surface of the play is the surface of life. Mme. Ranevsky has returned to her estates after a turmoil of years in France. There are the usual appendages: a daughter, an adopted daughter, a governess, a housemaid, a major-domo and a man-servant who have grown into the life of the house; a brother, an old, impoverished friend, a village clerk with his eye on the maid-servant; an up-and-coming merchant whose grandfather was a serf on the estate. These people talk a great deal, and in talking they make certain matters plain. One of these is that no one can save the estate, the beautiful cherry orchard, from the consequences of the family temperament. Madame and her brother have always spent their money as becomes gentlefolk, and some one has forgotten the secret of how the cherries used to be dried and sent to the markets of the far cities every year. They flounder about in self-deception, always hoping for succour, never willing to accept the scheme of the friendly merchant for cutting the estate up into villas, and never able to do anything themselves to save it from the auctioneer. Ultimately the merchant buys it in, and in blissful callousness puts the ax to the trees as the family leaves the old house. Out of these people and their dilemma rises a most curious and moving symbolism. A suggestion of symbols, rather; for there is nothing bald about it. Truths of Russian temperament, even Russian politics, are figured with the hidden yet revealing quality that so often rises out of life like an odour from old fields, freighted with memories and anticipations. Perhaps the simplest and most moving example of this comes at the very end of the play. Through it all has moved a mumbler, bent old man who has been the loving guardian of the household for two generations, one of those rare and ancient servants who, by sheer servility, have lifted themselves above the status of servants and into a share in the family life. In the end, the house is sold, the furniture removed, the shutters closed. The family departs. Then into the dim room comes the old man, forgotten. He totters across to the derelict sofa that has been left behind. He curls up upon it like some old leaf. There in the darkness he dies, the soul of old Russia.

As the old man dies something occurs that gives us all the licence we need in order to see in other portions of the play methods and attitudes far indeed from realism. The stage-directions read: "A distant sound is heard, as if from the sky, and the sound of a string breaking, dying away, melancholy." It is a sound that occurs also in the second act, unexplained, ominous. Symbolism. Arbitrary and very expressive sounds from Heaven. Is it at all surprising to find the characters of this play indulging in lengthy accounts of their lives without taking the least trouble to find some stranger who might plausibly be ignorant of it all?

Perhaps this is realism, perhaps not. Certainly it is both sharp with actuality and mystic with life's intensity as these Russian players act it. The company did not include the greatest of the group which Stanislavsky has gathered about him since he founded his theatre in 1898. The director himself was not there to play the maundering brother. On this night Kachalov was out of the cast. But Mme. Knipper, the widow of Chekov, played Mme. Ranevsky, and P. A. Pavlov played the old servant. How many of the other players acted parts long familiar to them



I can not say; but their work gave the impression not only of exceptionally fine individual performances but of an ensemble long and lovingly built up into perfection. It is an old cliché as well as a sad comment on acting as an art to say that a player does not *play* a character but literally *is* the character. In the case of this company from the Moscow Art Theatre, there is a deep intensity in the performance and a frank desire for absolute impersonation which make such a comment on their playing of "The Cherry Orchard" the obvious and revealing truth. It is a comment that applies to the ensemble as much as to the individual acting.

The wedding of an utterly realistic performance with a play of mystic overtones is justified by the sense of an old and complete life which both possess. The intimacy of the actors with one another is as evident as the intimacy of the characters they play, and the intimacy of masters and servants in this Russian family. The welcome of the mistress on her return may be a matter of the clever rehearsal of off-stage noise—amazingly clever, one can believe; but when this adoration comes out of the wings and walks upon the stage, it is seen as the perfection of emotion and impersonation. A performance in so foreign a tongue as Russian gains because our eager imagination is at work to interpret in the acting the gaps left by our inability to understand the words. It also loses, because the meaning of the play is not always there to show the linking of character and character and of incident and incident; great spaces of action are blank and without emotion; we carry away fewer and shorter memories. How many and how continuous, however, are the memories of this performance, and how piercingly keen are the sharpest of them! Mme. Knipper: a welling flood of emotion at the old nursery of her childhood; blind affection for the lovely, ancient orchard; childlike prodigality in her gesture as she scatters money that might once have saved the estate, followed by childlike penitence; and then the moment when she hears at last that the orchard is sold, when her ability to ignore and forget slips from her and she turns old before our eyes. Pavlov, prince of impersonators of old men, hobbling about the room; a bent and shuffling figure eternally mumbling, eternally nursing; a watery-eyed kiss for madame's hand, a pat for the twisted collar of the brother, a touch to the turn of a curtain; an old, old, devoted shape speaking its fullness of character in every movement. Other figures are almost as fully felt and seen, each one doing the least little thing with an arresting significance. Here for once are actors who realize the importance of crossing a stage, as a display not of themselves but of their characters. Here, equally, are actors who have got by all the small egoisms of their kind. They say that Stanislavsky found his players among artists, writers, students, shopkeepers, anywhere but in "the profession." At any rate, in twenty years he has made them into selfless but distinguished parts of a new organism. Their intimacy as people must be as great as the intimacy which they give their characters on the stage. They are an orchestra; their playing is a music, a harmony. They seem to have lived into this play in the eighteen years that they have given it until now they are part one of another. It does not matter that some may have had their parts only five years, perhaps only five months. They are enveloped in the mother-liquor of this mature, well-aged performance. You recall the stew that Anatole France described: "To be good it

must have been cooking lengthily upon a gentle fire. Clemence's stew has been cooking for twenty years. She puts into the pot sometimes goose or bacon, sometimes sausage or beans, but it is always the same stew. The foundation endures; this ancient and precious foundation gives the stew the quality that in the pictures of old Venetian masters you find in the women's flesh."

Such realism as this of the Moscow Art Theatre compares most curiously with the best we know of realistic acting in the productions of Mr. David Belasco and Mr. Arthur Hopkins. It has the care and minutiae of Belasco sharpened by far greater ability on the part of players and director, and mellowed by time. It has the naturalness of Hopkins; but, because it is secured by deliberate direction and not by the indirection of the American's method, the naturalness fits into a general design and is never slipshod. (So far Stanislavsky denies life and its accidents!) It is, of course, worse than futile to compare such acting with our own for any purpose but understanding. We can not achieve a performance of this kind so long as we have no permanent companies, no repertory-system. It is not alone a matter of the leisurely method of production which Stanislavsky can employ—months spent in study of the script, long readings and discussions over every character. Repertory keeps the actors playing a piece for years. They are not repeating themselves evening after evening with mechanical devotion. They come back to the play from other parts. They see it anew. If it is such a piece as "The Cherry Orchard," they plunge into its depths with a sense of refreshment. They are the parts of a whole which they can never greatly alter, but which they can enrich by new contributions.

We have, then, in this performance an almost perfect example of minute and thorough realism, fused into something beyond realism through its union with a play distinctly expressionistic in certain qualities. It would be easy to see how frank, non-realistic acting could be applied to "The Cherry Orchard." It is, in fact, very hard to see how the players can act some of the speeches as they do, notably the descriptions of themselves and their lives which the governess and Madame Ranevsky furnish to fellow-characters fully acquainted with all they say, characters who very rightly pay not the slightest heed. If ever a player had an opportunity to bridge directly the gap which has existed between stage and audience for the past fifty years, and to present emotion as simply and honestly and theatrically as do the grave-stones in Spoon River, it is the actress who plays the governess. She begins the second act with the following speech, virtually a soliloquy, to which none of the others on the stage pays the least attention, even the attention of boredom:

I have no proper passport. I don't know how old I am; I always feel I am still young. When I was a little girl my father and mother used to go about from one country fair to another, giving performances, and very good ones, too. I used to do the *salto mortale* and all sorts of tricks. When papa and mamma died, an old German lady adopted me and educated me. Good! When I grew up I became a governess. But where I came from and who I am I haven't a notion. Who my parents were—very likely they weren't married—I don't know. I don't know anything about it. I long to talk so, and I have no one to talk to, I have no friends or relations.

Is this realism? Is it expressionism? Is it something between, some realism of the spirit opposed to the realism of flesh which we know? Can we say that we know true realism of the flesh as yet? Even



if we do know it in a few fugitive productions, are we ready to give up not only such realism but also the possibility of deeply moving performances like this of "The Cherry Orchard," and to go seeking a fresh and debatable thing far on the other side of experience? If we are, it is because we see that such perfection as this of "The Cherry Orchard" is a very rare thing for which we pay with hours of the commonplace, and because we recognize that when a play reaches such spiritual quality it has travelled so far from realism that the journey is almost over.

KENNETH MACGOWAN.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

### OF INTEREST TO PLAYWRIGHTS.

SIRS: Some of the your readers may be interested to know that the Forest Theatre of Carmel, California, is offering a prize of \$100 for an original play suitable for presentation on its outdoor stage, during the summer of 1923. There is no limitation regarding subject or length, although a play which will run a full evening will have a decided advantage over a short or an exceptionally long one.

Manuscripts to be considered must be in the hands of the Secretary before 1 February, 1923, and must be accompanied by sufficient return postage. Any play chosen will remain the property of the author, after one production of three performances. The right to accept or reject plays will remain with the Directors. I am, etc.,

(MRS.) V. M. PORTER.

Carmel, California.

Secretary, Forest Theatre.

### OUR LOANS TO THE ALLIES.

SIRS: The *Freeman* in a recent issue carried a very strong editorial upon the subject of the payment of the debts due to the United States by foreign Governments. The point stressed in the editorial was that the United States could not afford to have these debts paid, even if the nations owing them were prepared to pay them, and that those nations knew this fact, and therefore were governing themselves accordingly. It was further stated that we could not afford to receive payment of these debts because they would have to be paid in goods or services, the receipt of which would seriously disturb our domestic industries and cause great loss.

If this is true the point is extremely important. I do not venture to say that it is not true, because I do not understand the intricacies of foreign trade, but the point I make is that it does not appear plainly to the average reader, uninformed upon finance, that it necessarily must be so.

According to my understanding, the following is substantially what would happen if England undertook to pay its debt to America. I understand that this debt is approximately four billion dollars. Assuming that this debt was funded upon the basis of four per cent interest and two per cent instalment-payment of the principal, annually, it would require the British Government to raise by taxes an annual amount of \$240 million to meet this debt. Take the year 1922, for an illustration. By the end of this year the British people will have produced and divided among themselves in the shape of earnings, profits and dividends and other forms of income, a certain total amount. This will be made up from the production of wealth in the British Isles, and from profits made by running ships all over the world, and by the exploitation of the British colonies and spheres of influence. This sum of money is subject to the first lien of the British taxes, and upon it the Government will levy an amount sufficient to make up its budget. I assume (without knowing) that the sum of \$240 million could be added to the amount otherwise required for the British budget for the year 1922 without seriously interfering with British business. If not, I assume (without knowing) that the amount in the budget appropriated for military and naval expenditures for the year 1922 is far in excess of the \$240 million, and that it would be possible for the British Government to lop off from this appropriation the sum of \$240 million. Upon the basis of either assumption, the British Treasury would then have in its possession \$240 million available for interest and instalment of principal upon its debt to the United States. The Treasury would then go into the open market and buy exchange on the United States, which I understand to be debts due to English banks and merchants from banks and merchants in the United States. The English Treasury would then send to the United States Treasury some form of draft, the effect of which would be to put to the credit of the United States Treasury in various

banks in the United States \$240 million, upon which our Treasury could draw in payment of Government disbursements.

If this assumption is correct as regards 1922, what would prevent its repetition for subsequent years until the debt was paid?

If the assumption is correct, then how would this transaction in any way injure any American industry or business? Why would it not enable the United States in raising taxes for this year to leave in the pockets of our people in lessened taxes the \$240 million? In that event, this saving to our people would be expended by them for purchases of goods and services, which would greatly stimulate all legitimate business in the country, and would be attended with no 'dumping of goods or services from England to glut our domestic market.

If these assumptions are not correct, I should like to know in what respect they are defective, and to have an accurate description of the processes by which England would collect from its own people the interest on the debt to the United States, and transmit that money to the Treasury of our Government. I am, etc.,

Jersey City, New Jersey.

GEORGE L. RECORD.

### FALSTAFF'S END.

SIRS: In the blessed days of Queen Victoria the critics all but succeeded in making out of Shakespeare a model, moral, acquisitive British citizen. Against this caricaturing of the world-poet's figure there was bound to be a powerful reaction. Finally, Mr. Frank Harris gave us a complete restoration of "The Man Shakespeare" as he really was, an artist in every fibre of his being. And now comes Mr. Llewelyn Powys and tells us in the *Freeman* of 27 September that "those wretched people who are ever ready to fob off on the other folk their own petty ethical predilections lay much stress upon the sanctimonious speech by which Henry V rejects Falstaff on the occasion of his coronation at Westminster." Mr. Powys is probably right. There is no reason whatsoever for assuming that Shakespeare meant to express in Henry's speech his own attitude towards the fat knight. But Mr. Powys is not content with rejecting the interpretation of the ethical critics; he feels bound to impose upon Shakespeare an attitude of "indulgent love for Falstaff." Maybe he is right, but he fails utterly in his attempt to prove it.

Mr. Powys says of the description of Falstaff's death, which he quotes at length, but with the omission of one, just one, highly significant passage, that "for pathos, for understanding, for sheer beauty, few passages in the plays, nay, in all literature, can be compared with this. . . . It shows quite clearly that at the last the heart of Shakespeare was consumed with an indulgent love for Falstaff. There remains nothing to be added. One can only quote once more his own incomparable words." Then follows the speech, with the above-mentioned omission. Bear in mind that it is the illustrious Mistress Quickly who is speaking, hostess at the Eastcheap tavern, patroness of Doll Tearsheet and other fine flowers of womanhood, now the wedded wife of the heroic Pistol. She is "sure he's not in hell: he's in Arthur's bosom," an unmistakable Mistress Quicklyism for "Abraham's bosom." "A' made a finer end and went away an it had been any christom child," another Mistress Quicklyism for "christen" or "christome" or a confusion of the two. "A' parted even just between twelve and one." How did the penetrating lady know it? She saw him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers and smile upon his finger's ends; his nose was as sharp as a pen and he babbled of green fields. And that is all, absolutely all the pathos there is in this supremely beautiful death speech of the former Mrs. Quickly. Here follows the omitted passage: "So a' cried out 'God, God, God!' three or four times. Now I, to comfort him bid him a' should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble him with any such thoughts yet." What think you, dear reader, of the incomparable sublimity and pathos of this death scene? Then comes the end, which Mr. Powys quotes, but to the ludicrous, positively devastating effect of which he is totally blind: "So a' bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees and they were as cold as any stone, and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone."

But this is not the end, not yet. To make the effect truly overwhelming, to wring our hearts with scalding tears, the dead knight's friends hold converse as follows:

Nym: They say he cried out of sack.

Hostess: Aye, that a' did.

Bardolph: And of women.

Hostess: Nay, that a' did not.

Boy: Yes, that a' did; and said they were devils incarnate.



*Hostess:* A' could never abide carnation; 'twas a colour he never liked.

*Boy:* A' said once, the devil would have him about women.

*Hostess:* A' did in some sort, indeed, handle women; but then he was rheumatic, and talked of the whore of Babylon.

*Boy:* Do you not remember, a' saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and a' said it was a black soul burning in hell-fire?

*Bardolph:* Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

This is the end. In Shakespeare, the fat knight died as he lived, without a trace of sentiment or sentimentality, of pathos or of love. He was not only witty in himself, but the cause of the wit that was in others. To use Mr. Powys's expression, "there remains nothing to be added." I am, etc.,  
New York City. HERMAN SIMPSON.

## BOOKS.

### MR. HARDY'S GOOD-BYE.

THIS book<sup>1</sup> may be approached in one of two ways, either sentimentally, or critically. Sentimentally its interest is very great; for we may infer both from the opening "Apologia" and from its concluding notes of farewell and dismissal, that it is intended to be Thomas Hardy's good-bye to that art which, as a young man, he was obliged to dismiss from his mind in favour of something more remunerative, but which nevertheless he has both glorified and enriched in his declining years. Critically, its interest is somewhat less, for despite the fact that its author has displayed an intellectual vitality superior to that of most of his successors in the field of English poetry, it is not to be expected that a man of eighty-two will break new ground; and I may as well admit at the outset that, with the exception of about a dozen pieces bearing date of recent years, there is nothing in this book that shows its author in the form that a careful re-reading of "Moments of Vision" and "The Dynasts," has taught us to expect.

What we have here instead is a gleaning, an interspersal of scattered and detached pieces which their author once either overlooked or found unsuitable, with a few summoned forth by recent experiences. The specimens which, from external appearance, seem to bear the earlier date, are by far the least important, though I suspect that they form three-fourths of the volume. It was only after 1896, after writing "Jude the Obscure," that this author belonged entirely to poetry—though how much, even in the most mechanically-ordered of his novels, there is that which betrays the poet's instinctive sympathy! Nor need we regard this fact with any sentimental regrets. Had Hardy versified undisturbed from twenty-five to fifty-six (when he actually began) he would not, on the evidence we possess, have been anything more than a very minor Victorian. It is by the poignant and tragic poems on the Boer War, the love-poems of 1911-12, *veteris vestigiæ flammæ*, "The Dynasts," the "Satires of Circumstance," that, as an ageing man, he became great. His genius in these poems is not Victorian, or romantic, or lyrical; it is the genius of a classic poet, a Greek become rustic, a not unworthy follower of Æschylus, uttering in more uncouth speech the darker burden of doom and decay that a thousand years have brought upon man.

There is, as I have said, little in this book to remind us of that other, starker, greater Thomas Hardy. But what there is is immensely significant. The prose "Apologia," the "Ancient to Ancients," the poem on the armistice—"And there was a Great Calm"—the "Epitaph," contain nearly all that is worthy of setting

beside the works of which I have spoken above. What is remarkable about this last phase of the poet's work is its almost unclouded serenity. The old fatalistic movement of cruelty, destruction, decay, goes on in these new poems under the same conditions. There are the same notes of honest pity, anger, irony in them; and these, as the "Apologia" points out, do not lead to a creed of pessimism, but to a more energetic attempt at meliorism. There is the same moving organ-music, fashioned out of old ballad-lilts and strange, uncouth, daringly dissonant words. But the whole is now touched with a bright, bitter-sweet serenity; and this in itself furnishes proof, if further proof be needed, that Hardy is too fine, too integral an artist ever to be mean, petty, self-seeking, even in his most tragic moments. There is nothing, absolutely nothing, about his last poems ever to suggest the querulousness of old age.

For this reason I could wish that he had spared himself and others the last poem of all in this volume. In this "Survival," as it is called, the poet reproaches himself as follows:

'You taught not that which you set about';  
Said my own voice talking to me;  
'That the greatest of things is Unity . . .'  
And the sticks burnt low, and the fire went out,  
And my voice ceased talking to me.

Now whether charity is or is not the greatest of things, is beside the point. What matters is that here a poet is complaining that he did not teach his message. But, if he is a poet, he is greater than his message; and if he is not, it does not matter in the very least. It is a pity to see a Tolstoyan mood like this crop up in so fine an artist as Thomas Hardy. I venture to say that I think his message lies perfectly clear in every good page that he has written, and that if anyone is unable to find out what it is, it is only a proof that he or she is a fool, and not worth troubling about. For a man like this to reproach himself that there are many fools in the world who would not listen to him, shows an ingrained Puritanic sensitiveness of nature, which is very, very sad.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

### THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL.

A SOMEWHAT weather-beaten story tells of an unpopular orator who was being passed from hand to hand by an infuriated crowd, undecided about his eventual disposal, until a voice from the rear supplied the missing suggestion: "Boys, *don't* nail his ears to the pump!"

Throughout "The Jews" Mr. Belloc reiterates his anxiety that the Jew shall by no means be segregated, or deported, or massacred, or maltreated in any way, yet insists that, in some unspecified manner, he shall be dealt with as the menace he is, lest worse things betide him. Mr. Belloc has a vision of a day not very far away when Gentile workers, disregarding more authentic sources of their ills, may turn upon the Jew, who increases their discomfort by insisting on sharing it with them. To be quite frank, he schedules pogroms. He sees world-significance in Henry Ford. He dedicates his essay to a Jewish woman friend.

"The Jews" is a strange book. Its author follows tradition in being alternately repelled and attracted by his subject. One fancies him, now peering into contemporary portraits of the House of Lords to identify the bilious tint and the aquiline nose; anon, at country house-parties, airily turning the conversation on the sources of the Talmud and distressed at the constraint that ensues.

Fair and courteous as a rule, he can be flagrantly unfair at times. Far too much is made of the shyness of the Jew over discussions of his origin, and of his tendency to hide, behind freshly assumed aliases, the

<sup>1</sup>"Late Lyrics and Earlier." Thomas Hardy. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

<sup>1</sup>"The Jews." Hilaire Belloc. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$3.00.



cognomens that were imposed on his race in Germany and Poland. Yet one imagines that, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, references to France were not considered in the best taste by the emancipated children of Huguenot weavers. We know that County Down was a subject taboo in the household of the Rev. Patrick Brontë né Prunty. Instances could be adduced to show that even Mr. Belloc's own adopted countrymen are not immune from this form of snobbery.

The immediate effect of contact between Jew and Gentile, Mr. Belloc notes, is a feeling of superiority on both sides. At first blush this would seem to be an ideal working arrangement. The real sting of the relation, one suspects, lurks where Mr. Belloc does not care to trace it, in the fact that whereas the superiority of the Gentile is founded on racial, historical and religious grounds which the obliterations of the new social order are rendering of less and less significance every day, the Jew's sentiment rests upon something actual and of present help—his superior intelligence and acumen, his firmer grip upon unpleasant actualities, his better chance of survival, when the wage-cut "*putsch*" has reached its logical conclusion and workers, of all races, are herded into the universal ghetto.

There is both high comedy and darkest tragedy in the Jewish story, even as Mr. Belloc tells it. A handful of the predestined race, driven by the very force of their dispersal to the confines of Western Europe—functions the least valued and the least secure turned over to them with a kind of contemptuous tolerance—suddenly find themselves, in virtue of an all-pervading materialist apostasy, depositaries of unlimited power, objects of almost embarrassing adulation. This is the comedy.

On the other hand, an immeasurable majority who have been able to do little more than hand on the flame of persecuted life from one generation to another—their sustaining dream of Zion shrunken to a political squabble over nine thousand square miles of barren land, Earl Balfour their drab Moses—stretch wasted hands over the Eastern marches, offering the world the secular Jewish gift of abstract justice, only to be outlawed and decried as wreckers and Bolsheviki. This is the tragedy.

One may read Mr. Belloc's book through from cover to cover and not know at the end whether it is the comedy or the tragedy that most offends him.

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

"A RACE that baffled Pharaoh, foiled Nebuchadnezzar, thwarted Rome, defeated feudalism, circumvented the Romanovs, baffled the Kaiser, and undermined the Third Republic presents ample material for legitimate curiosity"—so wrote Arnold White, and few will be found to dispute his statement.

Mr. Walter Hurt's clear-sighted, philosophic volume "*The Truth About the Jews*" will without doubt do much to elucidate the questions pertaining unto the children of Israel that vex and perplex the Gentile mind.

His thesis is as inspiring as it is interesting. It is nothing less, in fact, than a steadfast belief that the ultimate redemption of the world will inevitably come from the idealism, the energy, and dynamic force of this extraordinary people who time out of mind have been the victims of abuse and persecution at our hands. The fact that the human race itself, for countless generations, should have turned viciously upon that which was potential for its own salvation seems to Mr. Hurt to be by no means inconsistent with the natural order of events. He does not, however, so much predict their temporal ascendancy as their disappearance in a Judaized world. No other race, he declares, is in so good a position, owing to its universal distribution and universal detachment from national causes, to indulge in what he happily phrases "planetary patriotism." If Mr. Veblen is right, when he declares that progress consists in facing facts free of preconceptions, there would certainly appear much to be said for Mr. Hurt's contention.

Doubtless these dark-eyed, prominent-featured people

do bring to bear upon the world's problems as objective an attitude of mind as it would be possible to find. Their strength to-day, and yesterday, and for ever, lies in just this kind of intellectual emancipation. It is this and nothing but this that accounts for their proverbial success in their dealings with the affairs of the ordinary, practical world—a success which has brought upon them, because of its bearing upon economics, the suspicion and hatred of all other races.

That every Jew in one way or another is an idealist, may be accepted as an axiom, for each of them, from the sweated garment-maker to the prosperous financier, has something of the "perilous stuff" lodged for ever in his cantless cranium. The Jews form indeed a body of "spiritual patricians," and it is through the prevalence of their ideas, by means of intermarriage, that Mr. Hurt believes hope is to be found.

He puts his case very clearly. Gentile misrule and avarice led directly to the world-war and this terrible debacle that has been its legacy. The situation now is so desperate that the world can be saved only by the altruism, love of justice, efficiency, and constructive genius, that make up the Hebrew nature. Modern society is suffering "from the agony of arrested idealism" and the Jews alone preserve deep in their hearts an undying faith not only in their own mission but in the salvation of the earth. He says bluntly enough, "Judaism and not Christianity is right regarding the Messiah. The true Messiah is yet to come," but it is as the symbol of a condition rather than as a person that the Jews look for the fulfilment of the ancient prophecies. In comparison with this book Mr. Hilaire Belloc's late effusion, in spite of its affected "Peace be to Israel" appears in the light of the superficial outpourings of a religious bigot and prejudiced patriot. Mr. Hurt carefully analyses every aspect of the complex question. His interest even extends to the phenomenon of Mr. Ford's reactions to Jewry; though it is possible that his musings in this connexion may appear somewhat harsh to the dispassionate student. "Mr. Ford's brain," he says, "is a mechanism hardly higher than one of the paltry products of his own factory. How should such a one be expected to comprehend Israel's magnificent meanings or to judge the Jews with righteous understanding." He suggests that Mr. Ford's attitude results from a persecution complex. "As we read his virulent attacks we are reminded of the extensive Jewish invasion of the automobile industry." "Insisting that he is persecuted by the Jews, the visionary and vehicular Mr. Ford fain would progress from motordom to martyrdom."

That most revolutions, successful and unsuccessful, have been instigated by Jews is to-day an acknowledged fact; but this in no way disturbs Mr. Hurt's equanimity. In justification of his thesis he recalls Carlyle's words, "men seldom or rather never for any length of time and deliberately rebel against anything that does not deserve rebelling against." He also points out that the American Revolution was financed by Haym Salomon—a Jew—who can hardly be said except by the captious to be deserving of obloquy in the light of history.

Throughout his book Mr. Hurt lays continual stress on the strange, radium-like quality of these people, a quality which he believes will eventually "leaven the sodden mass of society." In the interest of intermarriage he takes care to show how many distinguished men of the past have had in their blood a sprinkling of the "precious quintessence." Michel de Montaigne, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Cardinal Newman and Anatole France are, among others, given as examples.

The present wave of hostility against the chosen people he attributes to the efforts of a crafty minority who feel that their established Gentile rule is being menaced. It is, he asserts, the result of a deliberately engineered propaganda which finds congenial soil in the racial antagonism springing from the aggressive vulgarity of a people that is only now adapting itself to its new status in the civilized world.

Mr. Walter Hurt does not shirk telling the Jews some plain truths. "Who is it," he asks, "who crushes on the car-platform before you alight, or pushes into the eleva-

<sup>1</sup> "*The Truth About the Jews*," Walter Hurt. Chicago: Horton and Company. \$3.50.



tor-cage before you make your exit? You note it is the Jew. . . . Does a group in conversation obstruct the sidewalk instead of stepping to the curb? A Jew, always a Jew. . . . They spend lavishly but they have not learnt to spend gracefully. They bestow costly presents but purposely leave the price-tag attached." In palliation of such offences he reminds us that formerly the Jew had to be aggressive in order to survive, but he assures us that these shortcomings are deplored by no one so much as the Hebrews of the better class, whose impeccable manners, for the very reason that they are unassuming and refined, are not conspicuous. "The best is not in evidence, therefore the whole is judged by the worst."

While Mr. Hilaire Belloc's conclusions seem scarcely to differ from those of Pharaoh of old: "Behold the people of Israel are more and mightier than we: come on, and let us deal wisely with them," Mr. Hurt with more philosophic impartiality, has vision enough to see to what a strange end "this Iliad of race-immolation" may be tending. The ponderous Englishman, with that curious inaccessibility to new ideas which is characteristic of his race, believes he has put the matter into a nut-shell when he says "The Jew is controlling the world and the world will not be controlled." But is he perhaps begging the question? It is true that it is "with a hammer of gold that the Jew is striking off his shackles," but now that he is winning his emancipation, is it altogether inconceivable that "in the scheme of cosmic conservation he has been reserved for a special mission and will endure until his destiny is discharged"?

Little by little, in Mr. Hurt's opinion, the Jew will be amalgamated by intermarriage into his present environment; and by this means, his ideals for the public good will at length be accepted by the world at large. It is true "that so far his world programme has invariably been met by a world's pogrom" but there are signs and portents that this will not be so for ever. "Judaism, unlike Christianity, does not content itself with the duty of man to God; it concerns itself largely with man's duty to man, and even God's duty to man." "The Jewish race, as the only race with an identity of ideals working towards a common purpose is the only race capable of concerted action." Mr. Hurt indicates with considerable pertinence that even if the Messianic Era should come upon us uncannily there is no cause for any great apprehension. "It could not be more selfish, deceptive, and oppressive, than the Gentile misgovernment under which we so long have managed to exist."

LEWELYN POWYS.

## THE EVOLUTION OF LANGUAGE.

PROFESSOR OTTO JESPERSEN'S "Language, Its Nature, Growth and Development" is at first, and even second sight a rather terrifying book. There are pages and whole chapters which the experienced student of the subject may doubtless surmount with ease, but over which the layman makes his way with infinite difficulty, never certain that he may not fall into a chertasse, there to perish miserably among masses of shattered phonetics. This is one of the dangers unwittingly created even by such genial Mount Everests of scholarship as Professor Jespersen. But this book is well worth the patience and courage it may require, for its air is pure and invigorating and the glimpses of far-off landscapes which it affords are often of rare beauty.

Language, as Professor Jespersen sees it, is not to be regarded as an instrument, the more complicated the better, for testing the ingenuity of pedants. On the contrary, heretical as the doctrine would seem to the regiments of dead grammarians, "what is to be taken into account is of course the interests of the speaking community. . . . That language ranks highest which goes farthest in the art of accomplishing much with little means, or, in other words, which is able to express the greatest amount of meaning with the simplest mechanism." Incidentally, it may be suggested that this is an excellent recipe, not merely for a good language but for an effective prose style.

Professor Jespersen divides his book into four parts, devoted to the history of linguistic science; to the influence of children upon linguistic development; to the changes wrought by race-contacts; and to the questions of origin, development, and decay. As it is impossible to summarize his very thorough discussion in a brief space, there is the more excuse for pointing out what will seem to most casual readers the heart—and a very human, sympathetic heart it is—of his philosophy. This is, simply, that there is an evolution in language, and that this evolution is towards simpler, more pliable and more perfect means of communication. He says:

So far from believing in a golden primitive age, in which everything in language was expressive and immediately intelligible on account of the significative value of each group of sounds, we arrive rather, here as in other domains, at the conception of a slow, progressive development towards a greater number of easy and adequate expressions—expressions in which sound and sense are united in a marriage-union closer than was ever known to our remote ancestors.

What we lose by such a transition, as Professor Jespersen is not the first to point out, is poetry in common speech. "Poetic language is on the whole older than prosaic language; lyrics and cult songs come before science." Our author's sympathy, one may guess, is not wholly with science in this case, for he draws an alluring picture of the origin of language. He does not believe that our "first framers of speech" were sedate citizens with a strong interest in the purely business and matter-of-fact side of life." On the contrary:

The source of speech is not gloomy seriousness, but merry play and youthful hilarity. And among the emotions which were most powerful in eliciting outbursts of music and of song, love must be placed in the first rank. To the feeling of love, which has left traces of its vast influence on countless points in the evolution of organic nature are due not only, as Darwin has shown, the magnificent colours of flowers and birds, but also many of the things that fill us with joy in human life; it inspired many of the first songs, and through them was instrumental in bringing about human language. In primitive speech I hear the laughing cries of exultation when lads and lasses vied with one another to attract the attention of the opposite sex, when everybody sang his merriest and danced his bravest to lure a pair of eyes to throw admiring glances in his direction. Language was born in the courting-days of mankind; the first utterances of speech I fancy to myself something between the nightly love-lyrics of puss upon the tiles, and the melodious love-songs of the nightingale.

These utterances, Professor Jespersen thinks, were not communicative—were not, so to speak, produced for a market—but "came forth from an inner craving of the individual without any thought of any fellow-creature." Our forefathers sang because they had to, and lo! the sounds were speech. They rose without effort to an ecstatic level now attained only by a scattering of poets, and totally inaccessible to their descendants, those gloomy slaves of the machine, who go songless every morning through the rat-holes and alleys of an industrial civilization, to their productive toil.

Professor Jespersen may be to some extent under the illusion of Rousseau and Chateaubriand with regard to the noble savage. Primitive communities, one suspects, were much like so many Main Streets, in which the individual was fenced in by iron traditions, shackled with taboos, and terrorized by the opinions of his neighbours; in which gossip was incessant and virulent, and wicked impulses to assert one's ego were subject to more than Calvinistic repression. The poetry of revolt certainly could not have flourished under such conditions, even though the poetry of love, of battle, of the hunt and of games, just as assuredly did.

With the increasing fluidity of language has come a larger possibility of individual self-expression. Linguistic progress towards "greater and greater clearness, regularity, ease and pliancy" has been accompanied by an advance in awareness of self, and by partial liberation from that intolerable loneliness of the spirit which has co-existed in all ages of the world with the most oppres-

<sup>1</sup>"Language, Its Nature, Growth and Development." Otto Jespersen. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$4.00.



sively gregarious institutions. Perhaps, as Professor Jespersen indicates, the perfect language is still to be attained; perhaps the greatest poetry, the most beautiful outpouring of the human soul, did not cease with Homer or with Keats, but is yet to come.

ROBERT L. DUFFUS.

#### SHORTER NOTICES.

It was in the Epistle Dedicatory to "Man and Superman," addressed (as surely no one can have forgotten) to Mr. Arthur Bingham Walkley, that Mr. Shaw accused his dedicatee of being, from his fastidiousness and abhorrence of vulgarity, an imperfect character. There was something in this charge, one thought at the time, of the relations between the pot and the kettle. In any case, the publication of these essays of Mr. Walkley's in "Pastiche and Prejudice" gives many American readers their first opportunity to test for themselves the justice of the charge. What strikes one most, however, in these essays, is that they suffer not from extreme fastidiousness so much as from having been, in their quotidian nature, reprinted at all. It must be becoming more and more evident that the reappearance in book form of ephemeral essays, cut into neatly uniform lengths, like sticks of chewing gum, is the cruellest test to which a journalistic writer can be put. Mr. Walkley writes with animation, intelligence, and erudition, and contrives to be illuminating on many things from Aristotle to Brunetiere, from Hroswitha to Charlie Chaplin. He is one dramatic critic in a thousand, for he has a sense of the drama as merely one form of cultural activity—in his Crocean vocabulary, one manner in which intuitions are expressed—that saves him from the vulgar vice of talking shop with a great show of theatrical sophistication. Yet in spite of this, one could have wished that most of the essays here reprinted had been allowed to remain in the oblivion into which even most excellent journalism is cast. No one, however, can regret the reprinting of the dozen or so *pastiches* or prose parodies at the beginning of the volume. In this seldom-attempted type of parody he has been as successful as anyone in our generation. There is a *pastiche* on Henry James which begins with the following perfect sentence: "He had dropped, a little wearily, the poor dear man, into a seat at the shady end of the terrace, whither he had wended or, it came over him with a sense of the blest 'irony' of vulgar misinterpretation, almost zigzagged his way after lunch." The rest of it is as good as that. A.

THERE are two ways of conceiving of a new social order. There is the way of those who more or less explicitly assume some event after which things become different; their vocabulary is full of strong, abrupt words. There is also the way of those who view social life as a growing, dynamic set of relationships; and in their vocabulary words like "tendency," "development," and "emergency" recur. Hobson is pre-eminently in the second group, and there is therefore a practical and contemporary interest in following his consideration of problems which may have their solutions to-morrow, but certainly have their incidence to-day. When it is understood that, as he himself says, the book is in reality a supplement of his "Work and Wealth," its non-Utopian quality will be appreciated; nor should the fact that he writes largely of problems from the English point of view, where unquestionably a later phase of industrialism is seen than in America, blind American readers to the existence of the same essential problems in this country. It is broadly as true here as in England that among open-minded people there are many difficulties of a practical character which block or obstruct the acceptance of "the principle of public ownership or control of fundamental and essential industries," together with the complementary "principle of representative government in the several industries so owned and controlled"; and it is to the consideration of these practical difficulties that the present book is addressed. The problems treated are those of the direction of the flow of credit both in relation to amount and character of goods made, of the grouping of industries with relation to the degree of essential public service rendered and amount of initiative required, of the methods of gaining the co-operation of the manual workers and of representing them in the management of industry, and finally of the consumer's function in industry. The sanity and temperateness not only of Mr. Hobson's discussion of these questions but of his proposals as well, are impressive. In his own way, and with fewer preconceptions, Mr. Hobson is as relentlessly honest a thinker as the Webbs; and the similarity of many of their conclusions is notable.

O. T.

<sup>1</sup> "Pastiche and Prejudice." Arthur Bingham Walkley. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.00.

<sup>2</sup> "Incentives in the New Industrial Order." John A. Hobson. London: Leonard Parsons.

A LITTLE over one hundred years ago, a German discovered the Great-Russian village-community. When the Russian intellectuals were apprised of that fact, they immediately divided into two schools. The Slavophiles wished to preserve the village-community, and make it the foundation for a specific Russian political, social and cultural development which was to be radically different from that of the "rotten West." The Westerners, on the contrary, regarded the village-community as a barbaric survival, artificially kept alive by Tsarist methods of taxation, and they strove to bring about its complete and speedy dissolution. Each of the two schools, moreover, was divided into a right and a left wing. The Slavophiles were conservative-Tsarist or popular-Socialistic; the Westerners were divided into Liberals and Socialists. Are similar currents of thought now passing through India, with its much richer village-communal life? Mr. R. Mukerjee<sup>1</sup> is certainly an Easterner and an Indianophile. The West is evil. "In the West one group tends to coerce another, and all coerce society. This implies that the natural evolution of society is checked. This again implies revolutions. Group-opinion is thus apt to be dogmatic and anti-social and group-action is revolutionary in the West." On the contrary, "in the East, group-action is social; social progress is evolved through the co-operation of the social groups. This is what I term communalism. If this free development were possible, and monopolistic or theocratic tendencies were not to come into play, there would be no outside control of one group by another." The caste-system of India is much preferred to the class-divisions that prevail in the West. "A mere capitalist or trader . . . is the powerful enemy of the community and of agriculture generally, and he is shunned by the village in the interests of self-preservation." The Indian city slum is contrasted with the decency of the peasant's cottage, but a strange case is given of a temple slum, occupied by eighty souls, all "middle-class Brahmins." The author's communal ideal is applied to town-planning, to art and religion, as elements in civic reconstruction; in religion, he is frankly and refreshingly polytheistic! But aside from his theories and personal views, he gives us in this book much solid information concerning a social-economic order that is very little known in Western countries.

H. S.

#### A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK.

MR. SINCLAIR LEWIS has written another book, and Mr. Stuart P. Sherman has written a pamphlet setting forth what he conceives to be "The Significance of Sinclair Lewis," and the same publishing-house, Messrs. Harcourt, Brace and Company, publishes both book and pamphlet, which is an excellent example of enterprise. Now, no one can possibly say what the significance of Mr. Sinclair Lewis is; no one can say, even, that he has any significance. Mr. Lewis is young in years, and younger than his years, having the type of mind that matures slowly; he has written one book which for reasons that had nothing to do with its quality, was much read; he has now produced another which for the same or similar reasons may be much read, but which is identical in quality with "Main Street." His new book, "Babbitt," might have been written on a second typewriter at the same time with "Main Street." This, with the exception of some earlier work of an ephemeral kind, is the sum of Mr. Lewis's achievements up to the present time; and it presents an extremely frail and treacherous footing for one to go upon in undertaking to say what his significance is. Hence most of Mr. Sherman's findings are open to question and to serious doubt, and he has done Mr. Lewis no real service, I think, by publishing them. He has done Mr. Lewis's publishers a real service, no doubt, but none to Mr. Lewis.

I ADMIRE Mr. Lewis sincerely for his ability, and I have faith in him far beyond the actual warrant of his works. He has natural ability enough, I am sure, to become the most interesting and important novelist in America; Mr. Sherman might have said this of him with justice and propriety. But when Mr. Sherman says that "he is conspiring with the spirit of the times to become the most interesting and important novelist in America"—alas, it is just this conspiracy, I fear, which will do him out of becoming any kind of novelist! Mr. Sherman, too, by his pamphlet has injected himself as a most dangerous factor in this conspiracy. Mr. Lewis is not a novelist,

<sup>1</sup> "Principles of Comparative Economics." Vol. II. Radhakamal Mukerjee. London: P. S. King & Son, Ltd.



in his last two books he does not show the slightest tendency towards becoming a novelist, and if "the spirit of the times" and Mr. Sherman have their way with him, he will never become one. I do not know, frankly, whether he has gifts of temperament commensurate with his ability, whether he can write from a sufficient depth of being to make an artist of himself, but I believe that he could if he would permit himself to do so. This faith and the very lively hope that flows from it, have led me heretofore to say a good deal about Mr. Lewis directly, much more than the actual importance of his work warrants, and to have him especially in mind when writing about the problem-novel and the purpose-novel. Mr. Lewis is a sociological evangelist of a crude, fervid and negative type, content to show us to ourselves "hair-hung and breeze-shaken" over a very hideous and repulsive Tophet. This is his purpose, showing stark on every page; his interest in his characters and in the development of their relations is purely evangelistic, as much so as that of any Sunday-school author of the old days—he is interested in them in so far as they serve this purpose, and no farther. Like the evangelist, he does not care to see life steadily and whole, but only so much of it as he may use to promote this purpose. He is not at present a literary artist of any kind; he uses for his purpose a facile journalism, as for a not wholly dissimilar purpose Billy Sunday uses a sort of decadent pulpitering.

His success, too, is that of an evangelist; it is that of arousing a deal of curiosity under spectacular stimulation, getting oneself heard, getting one's doctrines talked about; but because those doctrines are negative and intrinsically uninteresting, not getting really very far with them. When Mr. Sherman says that "Main Street" has social importance because "more thoroughly than any novel since 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' it has shaken our complacency with regard to the average quality of our civilization," it seems to me that he is in error. If the book has had this effect, it is the first time in history, as far as I know, that this method ever succeeded. Mr. Sherman has observed human nature to very poor purpose if he has not marked its disposition to stiffen instantly against denunciation and ridicule. People read "Main Street" as they listen to the comminations of an eccentric pulpiter, partly in more or less amused curiosity, partly thinking how well its cap fitted somebody else; but it made little headway against their complacency. I do not think that "Babbitt" will be read as largely as "Main Street"; it is too much the same sort of thing. As a shrewd Scot said of another book, it is "could kail made het again," and curiosity is fitful and fickle. But in so far as it is read, it will be read to the same purpose. Mr. Sherman has probably heard the witty saying that Dana, in the old New York *Sun*, made vice attractive every morning, while Godkin, in the *Evening Post*, made virtue odious every afternoon. It usually works that way, though the evangelist can never see it. Like the evangelist, Mr. Lewis seemed to think that people would look on his horrid picture of Gopher Prairie and say, Is it possible that we are like that?—then let us repent and become civilized forthwith. But it is not in human nature to do this; its instinct is rather to turn upon the evangelist and say, Well, but if the tone and temper of civilization is *your* tone and temper, we think we shall stick by Gopher Prairie. Who can be quite sure, moreover, that this instinct is not a sound one?

HERE is where the artist has the advantage over the evangelist. He keeps himself out of his work and lets his story tell itself, and thus the reader goes willingly along with him. I have already cited Sir Harry Johnston's novel "The Man Who Did the Right Thing" as a capital example of this excellent and effective artistic detachment. Sir Harry Johnston composes with his eye on the subject; he has the objectivity of the artist. Mr. Lewis composes with his eye on his own evangelistic and reforming purpose. Hence Sir Harry's characters and situations have the force of life, they are real; Mr. Lewis's have the force of exaggeration and caricature. In all the huge deal of fustian that Mr. Sherman has emitted

in his pamphlet there is none more sheer than his statement that "Main Street," in its exhibition of the interwoven lives of Gopher Prairie, "has the authority, the intimacy, the many-sided insights, the deep saturation of colour . . . One must have *lived* that stuff in order to have reproduced it as living organism." As though one could possibly "live that stuff"! as though one could possibly find it anywhere on the planet; if one deliberately took thought for precisely the wrong affirmations about Mr. Lewis—the most misleading to his prospective readers and the most debilitating and retarding to Mr. Lewis himself—one could not, I think, make a cleaner job of it than Mr. Sherman has done in the passage that I have quoted.

MR. EGAN, in the little volume of which I spoke last week, observes that Dickens had a gift for making dull people interesting. Yes, but is not this because they really are interesting when one takes the trouble to get at them? I think so; and therefore I think that Dickens's gift amounts to no more than the ability and willingness to see them as they are. Professor Huxley once made the profound remark that he had never seen either a perfect knave or a perfect fool; that the most promising candidates turned out, upon patient investigation, to have a surprising lot to say for themselves; and that he did not believe that there was any such thing. If, like Mr. Sherman, I had a professional reputation to lose, I would cheerfully wager it against a china apple that no human being like Babbitt was ever seen on the face of the earth. We are all like Babbitt some of the time; some more, and some less. But to be like Babbitt all the time—to be Babbitt himself, that is—is a grotesque and preposterous impossibility. No one has ever done it, no one could do it. Most women, probably all of them, are occasionally like Carol Kennicott; there is a streak of her, here and there, in the best and in the worst. But a woman who was Carol Kennicott herself would go straight into the hands of some Barnum, and be exhibited with pride to crowded houses. A great part of the interest in Mr. Briggs's cartoons is in the occasional glimpses that one gets of distant and momentary fantastic resemblance to them among real people. That is the power of exaggeration and caricature when well done, and one would not disparage it. But no man ever lived who really looked like Joe; no woman ever really looked like Vi; and it is utterly impracticable and impossible to pretend otherwise.

It is an immense disservice to Mr. Lewis to release upon him, as Mr. Sherman has done, an irruption of spurious profundity about his "significance." It is an unfair thing to Mr. Lewis's friends and readers, and it deserves their explicit resentment. Some things may at this juncture be said of Mr. Lewis, and they are enough in all conscience to give him all the encouragement that anyone needs. Mr. Lewis is potentially a considerable asset to our literature. His ability is unusual; certain passages in "Main Street" show this ability, and I gladly give Mr. Sherman credit for picking one of them out and displaying it and saying just what should be said about it. Whether he has cultivable gifts of temperament, whether he can gain the detachment and objectivity indispensable to an artist, is uncertain. In this respect, as I said, I have great faith in him, almost an impatient faith; I believe that he has them and that if he can get his feet out of Mr. Sherman's bird-lime, he can make progress with them. In a forthcoming review which I have by me in manuscript, Mrs. Angell excellently says that Jane Austen has "proved once and for all the great interest of dull minds, the fascination of commonplaceness if observed with keenness and irony." This is an affair of spirit and temper, and if Mr. Lewis has this temper and cultivates it, I make no doubt that he can some day portray effectively a real Gopher Prairie or Zenith, a real Carol and a real Babbitt. I hope and believe that he can do this. But to pretend that he has already done it, or anything like it, to pretend that his work is already that of a novelist, indeed to pretend that it is more than the work of a good able pamphleteer, is the worst possible misuse of what may be, and I hope and believe will be, a valuable literary asset.



*A veteran comedian, advising a tyro about to venture before the public, concluded thus: "Never let your make-up be funnier than your act."*

WE went to the play—it was a drama that has stood the test of half a generation. The performance failed of complete success because the players were badly cast: a good play and good actors, but the two parts didn't fit at the joints. We went to another play—an artificial thing, but not without merit of a certain old-fashioned sort. Some of the actors thought, however, that they had to be wooden because the play was wooden. Everything creaked. Then we went to a recital by a foreign actor, and for an hour we heard him speak in a language of which we understood not a word. But the vocal range and inflection, the enunciation, the employment of hands and feet as if they were indispensable accessories and not unavoidable obstacles, the nuances of his changing facial expression, made one forget all except that a man was identifying himself with a part, that he had become one with the art which he was interpreting.

The FREEMAN is admired by discriminating persons because, as an entity, it is like a good play well cast: it has substance and symmetry. Its subjects and writers dovetail with a nicety that makes many wonder whether it is due to careful calculation or to heaven-sent good fortune. (It isn't luck if it happens fifty-two times a year.) Without being "old-school," it discloses merits like those which inform the work of the trained foreign actor whom we admired and, besides, the language in which it becomes articulate is not only one that we all understand but it is, in itself, a model for newspaper- and magazine-makers. The FREEMAN's make-up is never funnier than its act.

If all of this seems egotistical we are prepared to prove that we are but paraphrasing what our friends tell us. We have printed many laudatory letters, but we have always withheld the most enthusiastic ones. (People wouldn't believe them possible.)

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